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THE TATLER

LONDON

JANUARY 15, 1941

and BYSTANDER

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Anthony

Ursula Jeans Is In "Dear Brutus"

Ursula Jeans will be seen in the all-star revival of *Dear Brutus* which comes to the Globe Theatre on January 20, produced by John Gielgud who also takes the leading part created by Gerald Du Maurier. This enchanting play of Barrie's was originally produced at Wyndham's Theatre in 1917 during the last war and revived in 1922. Margaret Rawlings, Zena Dare, Nora Swinburne, Mary Jerrold, Leon Quartermaine and Ursula Jean's husband, Roger Livesey, are among the well-known artists in the cast. Muriel Pavlow will play Margaret, the dream daughter. Ursula Jeans made her first appearance on the stage at the age of nineteen, having studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She has taken Shakespearean parts at the Old Vic, and made a great success of the part of Flämchen in *Grand Hotel*, from the novel by Vicki Baum. She has also worked on the films since 1936.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Downing Street Directors

IT is too soon to judge what actual increase of efficiency in the practice of government will result from the appointment of new Cabinet Executives announced last week. To many it will come as a surprise that chairmanship of the Production Executive was not given to Lord Beaverbrook, whose activities at the Ministry of Aircraft Production have been primarily responsible for creation of the latest batch of committees.

Lord Beaverbrook was appointed first minister of that new department at a moment when the collapse of the French war effort left the British Empire alone in the struggle against the Axis powers. If we were not to be overwhelmed we must increase the strength of our air arm, both for defence and counter-attack by every means in our power. That responsibility, so far as provision of aircraft was concerned, was entrusted to Lord Beaverbrook, and though the army, too, was making great claims on industry for provision of fresh equipment to replace that lost in France, for some months no department could effectively challenge the prior demands of the Royal Air Force.

Dynamic in energy and ruthless in method, Lord Beaverbrook, armed with absolute powers from the Prime Minister, rapidly cut away the entangling strands of red tape which were limiting production. Many of his actions were totally unorthodox, but this seemed to matter little so long as the aircraft came bowling out of the factories, at home and in the United States, at an ever-increasing tempo.

Clash with Mr. Bevin

INEVITABLY the Minister for Aircraft Production came into conflict with other heads of departments, and notably with Mr. Bevin, the trade unionist Minister of Labour. Lord Beaverbrook was not disposed to defer to Mr. Bevin on matters affecting the conditions of labour in the aircraft industry. He wanted the men and he meant to have them, just as he wanted the materials and the tools, even though some of these had been earmarked for other features of the war effort. This was perhaps the major clash of personalities, although there were others. The latest appears to be blowing up between Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Lloyd, the Colonial Secretary, though what the Colonies have to do with aircraft production is not clear.

Mr. Bevin, on the other hand, was proving extremely obstinate in other directions. His persistent refusal to exercise compulsion in the regulation of labour was the most obvious difficulty. Nor was it overlooked that the Minister of Labour wasted no opportunity for public criticism of "Capital"—though taking care to reserve praise for works managements—while skilfully preparing the way for the coming of Socialism in Mr. Bevin's time. Lord Beaverbrook, on the other hand, appeared for some months to have been toying with the ambition himself to become "the people's man" in this war. His newspapers had even been advocating a capital levy as a sop to Left opinion.

The Prime Minister was obviously growing tired of all these squabbles going on around him. He determined that if they could not be stopped they should at least be confined

within the machinery of strong committees under strong chairmen. He has assumed personal responsibility for giving the necessary directive; relies on Sir John Anderson to ensure that his wishes guide the activities of the Production and Imports Executives, under the respective chairmanships of Mr. Bevin and Sir Andrew Duncan.

Conservatives in Control

AT first sight one might think that Mr. Bevin has got matters all his own way, through his chairmanship of the Production Executive. That, after all, is the body which will determine priority claims between the Departments, including those of the Aircraft Production Ministry. But one notices that the personnel of the Executive is preponderantly Conservative. It includes only one other Labour Minister, Mr. A. V. Alexander, the others being Sir Andrew Duncan, the Minister of Supply, Major Oliver Lyttelton, President of the Board of Trade, and Lord Beaverbrook.

Equally the Imports Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Andrew Duncan, has a strongly Conservative flavour, while the co-ordinating body, although it contains a majority of Labour Ministers, is presided over by a staunch Conservative in Sir John Anderson. As the war goes on these facts may assume greater significance than is apparent at a moment when all party differences are supposed to have been dropped in the interests of national unity for the maximum common effort.

Neutrality of Eire

LITTLE attention has been drawn to a significant step recently taken by the Government in connexion with the neutrality of Eire. Hitherto the Free State has suffered no restrictions under the British blockade and shipping has benefited from the fact that British warships were convoying trade across the Atlantic although denied the possibility of using valuable naval bases in Eire.

It was with quite obvious regret and reluctance that the Government felt obliged to change this state of affairs. Eire is now being treated like any foreign non-belligerent in Europe; namely, she will be permitted to import just so much as she requires for her absolute needs and only ships carrying such cargoes will be allowed to pass freely through the British blockade.

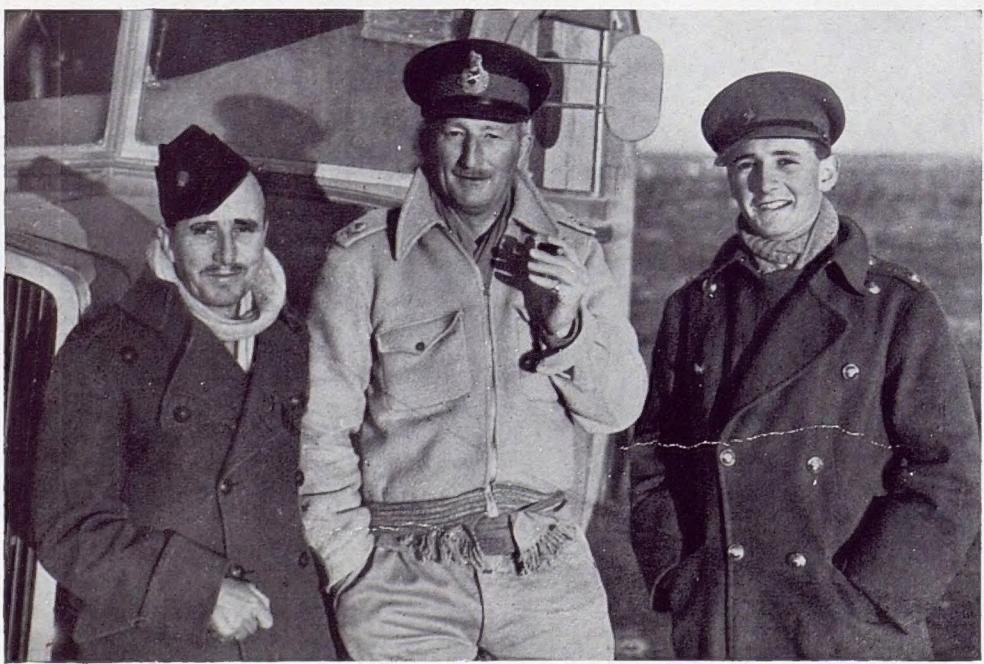
Mr. De Valera cannot, after all, have it both ways. If he persists in preserving a complete neutrality—whereby, if he wishes he may trade alike with the enemy and ourselves—he cannot expect treatment more generous than we should be prepared to extend to, say, Spain or even to our non-belligerent ally, Portugal.

Sword for Wavell

IT would be easy to overlook the importance of one token recently presented to Sir Archibald Wavell if one had not been following the course of events in Irak. The British Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East was given an inscribed ceremonial sword "as a token of friendship and admiration of the successful operations in Libya," by Sheik Hussein Af-Suhail, of the Beni-Tamin tribe in Irak.

On the same day news came from Baghdad that the Prime Minister, Sayid Rashid, had been questioned by a former Iraqi Premier, Sayid Jamil, on relations with Britain. Sayid Rashid denied publicly that there was any difference in policy between himself and the Foreign Minister, General Nuri. Sayid Jamil then went on to make an eloquent appeal for the maintenance of Iraq's traditional policy of friendship and alliance with Britain.

There is, I think, some relationship between



The Commander of the Indian Division

The exploits of the Indian Division in the Battle of Sidi Barrani are already well known. Major-General Noel Monson de la Poer Beresford Peirse, D.S.O., is the cheerful and imperturbable commander of this division. He and two of his officers are leaning against one of the many Italian lorries captured in this theatre of war

these two incidents, for beyond question Sayid Rashid has shown a strong partiality for Germany and the Axis cause; a circumstance which has compelled the British Minister, Sir Basil Newton, to speak with considerable energy on several recent occasions. Undoubtedly the news of the British victories in Libya has greatly strengthened the hands of the pro-British elements in Bagdad and has given immense satisfaction to all Arabs, who have a detestation for the Italians.

Free French in Africa

LAST week I mentioned in passing that perhaps the best means of stirring General Weygand's North Africa into a more active resistance would be to find means of throwing the Free French divisions of General de Gaulle into the war against Italy. Since then news has come through of important conversations being conducted in Nairobi between the Belgian Minister for Colonies, M. de Vleeschauwer, accompanied by the Governor of the Belgian Congo, M. Ryckmans, and the General Officer commanding the Congo forces, General Ermens, with British civil and military authorities in East Africa.

It seems to me that there is probably a close association between these discussions with the officials of the Belgian Congo and the obvious desirability of providing a battle-ground for the de Gaulle divisions. The Belgian troops of the Congo are first rate soldiers. In the last war they had many successes to their credit against the Germans in East Africa, and the Belgian authorities



A Y.M.C.A. Film

Women who drive tea cars and work in canteens for the Y.M.C.A. will see themselves on the screen soon in a film now being made of Y.M.C.A. activities under air raid conditions. Here Lady Blane, joint hon. secretary of the National Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A., is being got ready for the cameras by Miss Nell Taylor, make-up expert. Earlier in the war Lady Blane went to France with a Y.M.C.A. unit. Her husband, Com. Sir Charles Blane, Bt., R.N., was killed in action at Jutland in 1916



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Gives Ambulances to the Army

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Professor George Gordon, formally handed over to the military authorities two mobile ambulances subscribed for by the undergraduates. In the group are: Captain G. Dixon-Spain, Colonel S. J. Barry, Brigadier A. McMullen, Professor G. S. Gordon, Miss E. L. Brown and Colonel W. Robinson

today are no less determined to prevent Italy or Germany from forcing their way farther into Africa.

For the present General de Gaulle remains in London. There have been many matters during the past few weeks which have called for his urgent attention, both with regard to his own organization in Britain and also in his capacity as administrator of a huge African territory. It will not surprise me, however, to hear at any time now that he is back in the field with his divisions now resting somewhere in Equatorial Africa. Far better, too, that those divisions should be engaged in fighting the Italians than in clashes with other Frenchmen, such as occurred at Dakar.

The Italian Debacle

MUCH as we have long anticipated, Italy goes from one reverse to another and slides proportionately deeper into the German clutches. It is now evident that important elements of the German Luftwaffe have been sent down to Italian bases whence they will seek to prevent the Allies from totally eliminating Italy as an African colonial power. I recalled some weeks ago Hitler's own statement early in 1939 that Nazi Germany well knew the fate that would await her should another power ever succeed in overwhelming Fascist Italy.

There is, of course, nothing new in the presence of high German officers and officials inside the Italian machine, both military and administrative. I recall during a visit to Rome as long ago as the spring of 1939 seeing the names of German officers pinned on the doors of several rooms in the Italian Air Ministry; and the same thing could be found in almost any other department. The hotels and streets, too, were full of Germans, while large motor cars filled with Nazi officials plentifully decorated with Swastika signs roared through the city. Today, I imagine, the German occupation is still more in evidence.

But though the German air force may be able to provide a stiffening for the Italian armies in Libya and Albania it is difficult to see how German troops can be thrown into the field in Cyrenaica or Tripolitania in con-

siderable numbers so long as the British Navy retains its control of the Mediterranean. It would be foolish, none the less, to assume that Germany will stand by and watch Italy collapse completely, if that can be avoided. There are now all the signs of a fresh German stroke against the Balkans. Should this drive thrust simultaneously across Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, another new situation would have been created on the northern Mediterranean coast, and several other Powers, including Turkey, would have been drawn into the general struggle.

Washington Embassy Staff

IT is a safe guess that Lord Halifax will have had some talks with President Roosevelt's special emissary to Britain, Mr. Harry Hopkins, before he sets sail to take up his appointment as British Ambassador to Washington. Since he agreed to accept the post Lord Halifax has been daily occupied in preparing himself for the new undertaking. He has met and discussed American problems with large numbers of people, both private and official.

A week or two ago there was talk of creating the post of Minister in Washington in addition to that of Ambassador and I believe this step is likely to be taken. It is quite possible, however, that Lord Halifax may think it better to "have a look round for himself" before making up his mind what changes in the Embassy organization may seem to him desirable. There is still talk of Sir Gerald Campbell, the High Commissioner in Ottawa, being asked to join the Washington Embassy.

Though he would thereby be stepping down, technically, to a position inferior to the one he now holds, he would, I believe, be willing to accept the transfer if he were urgently pressed to do so. His knowledge of the United States is unrivalled, and Lord Halifax, who does not know America, will need just the kind of help which a man like Sir Gerald could give.

Incidentally I still think it probable that the new Ambassador will go out in a British battleship. Why not the King George V which is now "a going concern"? Her arrival in New York harbour would be most impressive.

Myself at the Pictures

Goats and Elephants: By James Agate

YOUNG Mr. Kenneth Allott's brilliant biography of Jules Verne, just published, reminds me of yet another author who has amazingly escaped the notice of the filmmakers. You would think it would be as plain as the nose on your film magnate's face that the Jules Verne romances would make ideally romantic pictures.

As I remember them they read even more like scenarios than novels, and their very titles are cinematic: *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *The Floating City*, *Round the World in Eighty Days*, *The Chase of the Meteor*, and so on. Mr. Allott now informs me that there are some seventy such tales under the general title of *The Extraordinary Voyages*. But all he has to say about their filming in this extremely and even prodigiously comprehensive book is said in a single footnote:

"THIS place may serve for a note on Jules Verne and the Film. Georges Méliès made *A Trip to the Moon* from Verne's moon-stories in 1897. Méliès has an honourable place in the history of the film. Rötha writes in *The Film Till Now*: 'It is interesting to watch, for instance, Georges Méliès' *Trip to the Moon*, in which were used projected negative, double exposure and magical effects equal, if not superior, to those employed in Fairbanks' *Thief of Bagdad* in 1923. *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* was filmed in 1917 by the Universal Film Company and the Williamson Brothers (American). Captain Nemo is a cross between Shakespeare's Prospero and a nigger minstrel, and his crew are obviously 'buddies' from the Middle West. *Michael Strogoff*, directed by Nicolas

Volkoff in the early twenties, showed a great improvement in plausibility and decorum. It even had the torture sequence in colour. A talkie version of *Michael Strogoff* was exhibited a few years ago. It is possible that other stories by Verne have been filmed."

But if so, they have made no stir and cannot have been as well done as they deserve. *Round the World in Eighty Days*, played strictly in its period of 1872, would obviously make an enchanting film. Just after its appearance it made an extremely successful play, the titles of whose scenes really ought to make any filmmaker's mouth water: *The Necropolis of the Rajahs*, *The Serpent's Grotto in Malay*, *The Tavern at San Francisco*, *The Train Attacked on the Pacific Railway*, *The Steamer "Henrietta" at Sea*, and so on.

VERNE himself, by the way, imputed the play's success to the fact that it had a performing elephant. As a man he retained a charming amount of modesty even though he seems to have enjoyed a positively Wodehouse-Wallace degree of popularity spread over the whole of Europe. "The great success of the piece," he wrote to a friend, "is neither Phineas Fogg nor myself, but the elephant."

It appears that the Parisians had eaten all their elephants in the recent war with Germany, and the elephant which graced the stage in the two years' run of Jules Verne's play at the Porte Saint-Martin was borrowed from the London Zoo at a fee of two hundred francs a performance. "During the first half of the show the audience are distracted with waiting for its appearance," wrote the author. "They spend the whole second half of the evening regretting that they have seen the last of it."

ANY fair reader who is smiling superciliously at all this, and musing scornfully on how very easily pleased the folks of the 'seventies must have been, should go this same afternoon to the New Gallery. There she will see Deanna Durbin as an Austrian peasant girl in a village market place trying unavailingly to sell a little white goat.

Everywhere that Deanna goes, the goat is sure to go likewise, the more especially since she has it on a string. She cries its merits, and it follows her. She sings to it, and it follows still closer. Substitute "goat" for "lamb" in the poem called "The Pet Lamb," where Wordsworth is at his worst, and you

have the opening sequences of this film exactly:

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-goat with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the goat was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-goat she gave its evening meal.

The goat, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

THE film is called *Spring Parade*, and its story proceeds with a goat-like simplicity. Deanna sells her little goat at last, falls inconsequently asleep on a load of hay on top of a cart, and wakes up to find herself on the outskirts of Vienna for the first time in her life. So she enchants the driver by singing "The Beautiful Blue Danube," all I know of it and strewn with cadenzas, and enters the city before it is ended.

It proves to be the oldest and gayest of Gay Old Viennas. You have not been in it ten minutes till you feel as sick as though you had been washing down too many honey cakes with too much lager. The goatherd—why not, since we say shepherdess?—is adopted by an old baker, and loved by a young regimental drummer. She sings her way everywhere, even into the heart of the Emperor Franz Joseph. Will she come and sing at the Court Ball? Won't she! There is an idiotic five minutes while she pretends that she thinks she would rather go back to the goatery and leave emperors to their own amusements.

And then, of course, she changes her mind, and everybody breathes again, and she borrows a ball dress, and she goes to the Court Ball, and the regimental drummer with whom she has had a ridiculous tiff, turns out to be the conductor, and she is expected to sing a not very Straussian waltz of his own composition, and after a preposterous demur and delay she does so, and the Emperor from his throne beams benevolently up and blesses the pair of them, and then everybody dances like mad and it is all over.

MY colleagues tell me that all this makes quite as good a film as *Congress Dances*, and I, remembering that elaborate lump of Turkish delight, agree. My own view of *Spring Parade* is very much the Parisian playgoer's of *Round the World in Eighty Days* at the Porte Saint-Martin in the eighteen-seventies.

Little Miss Durbin still sings almost as prettily as she smiles, and Henry Stephenson's portrait of the Emperor is almost as impressive as Frederick Leister's in the musical play called *Waltzes From Vienna*. Or was it *White Horse Inn*?

Anyhow, I spent all the first half of the film liking the little white kid better than all the peasants, and the dancing and the mountains and the singing, and I spent the second half regretting that I had seen the last of that winsome animal.



"Spring Parade" at the New Gallery

Robert Cummings as Harry Marten, the regimental drummer, and Deanna Durbin as Ilonka Tolnay, a Tyrolean peasant girl, are in the new Universal picture "Spring Parade," produced by Joe Pasternak, and directed by Henry Koster, at the New Gallery. Deanna Durbin's voice is as charming and pure as ever. This film is reviewed by Mr. James Agate on this page



Photographs by Pictorial Press

The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler

The Under-Secretary of State
for Foreign Affairs

The Right Hon. Richard Austen Butler, P.C., M.P., has been Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1938. Under Lord Halifax his work was arduous, for with his Chief in the House of Lords, on Mr. Butler fell the duties of Foreign Office spokesman in the Commons, a responsibility borne with notable success. Now that Mr. Anthony Eden has returned to the post of Foreign Secretary, which he previously held from 1935 to 1938, Mr. Butler will be relieved of this extra work. The son of Sir Montagu Butler, a distinguished Indian civil servant, Mr. Butler was born in India, and educated at Marlborough and Cambridge where he was President of the Union Society. He became Conservative M.P. for Saffron Walden at the age of twenty-seven. His first official appointment was as Parliamentary Secretary to the India Office; later he was transferred to the Ministry of Labour, which post he held until he went to the Foreign Office. He married in 1926 Mr. Samuel Courtauld's only daughter, Sydney, and they have three sons. At present Mr. Butler is staying with his P.P.S., Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., at 5 Belgrave Square



Mr. Butler is a war guest at Mr. and Lady Honor Channon's London house

The Theatre

By Anthony Cookman

"Diversion No. 2" (Wyndham's)

So united a people can afford not to drop all the naughty regional prejudices of peace time. No good Yorkshireman even today can recall with tranquil mind the fearful drubbing that Lancashire gave his county on a certain dark Whit Monday at Old Trafford. And, by the same token, no good Londoner can hear without a twinge of resentment that Lancashire has now more or less taken over the English theatre. Blackpool has by all accounts become Shaftesbury Avenue and St. Martin's Lane rolled into one, and as for Burnley, where the Old Vic has established wartime headquarters, hear the recreant Mr. Tyrone Guthrie on its present and future significance!

"Burnley, with this combined season of opera, drama and ballet, suddenly becomes the most important creative centre in the English theatre." He rubs it in. "The event is symptomatic of the times. For too long London and the great metropolitan cities have owned altogether too much of the cultural life of the country." And (speaking elsewhere of theatre finance), "The West End racket is busted."

IGNORING the recreant's snook at London, we can all be honestly thankful that the Old Vic has found a home from home. But while we salute Burnley as the future centre of Shakespearian interpretation in England we may yet indulge a healthy hatred of Lancashire.

There is a mean satisfaction that will not be denied in the reflection that a second edition of "Diversion" puts us one up on Blackpool, that new-found paradise of light-hearted playgoers. Rich and varied as the theatrical diet of Blackpool may be, it is mostly old stuff; here at Wyndham's Theatre, in the teeth of the blitz, is something fresh.

IT really is fresh. Second editions of revues are not usually very different from the first. If they are, they are not usually better than the first. And wartime revues in any edition are not usually up to peace-time standards. In these ways *Diversion No. 2* is unusual. Some items, and these the best, have been retained, but Miss Edith Evans, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Joyce Grenfell, Miss Irene Eisinger and Mr. Walter Crisham have all new material. These new things, reinforcing the best of the old, give the revue a better



"River Picnic": Dorothy Dickson, Walter Crisham

balance, a stronger attack than it had.

The first edition, as the author in his critical capacity doubtless told you, was better in parts than it was as a whole. It had been put together in the midst of a battle, and a wonderfully gay patchwork it was, all things

considered, and the new edition is perhaps the fruit of comparatively quiet days, or of some heroic adjustment of authorship and acting to battle conditions.

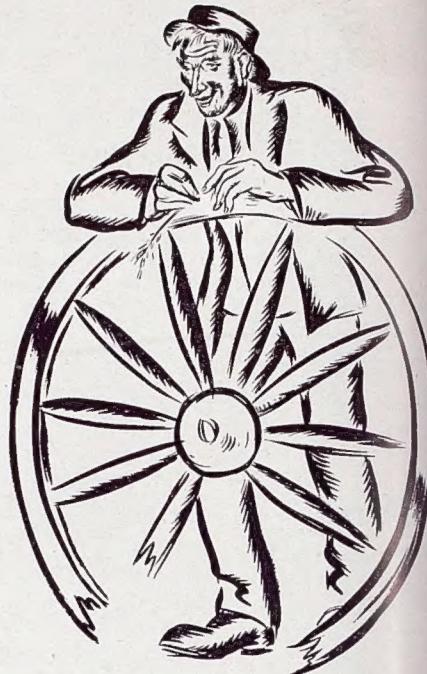
The result is at any rate an entertainment which might take the stage with the utmost assurance even in the highly competitive times of peace. To go to it is for Londoners quite the quickest and, unless they are balletomanes, far the pleasantest way out of the war.

Lunch-time Shakespeare, lunch-time music, the occasional art exhibition, refreshing and welcome as they are, cannot altogether mask their wartime character. Mr. Farjeon's revue is a show which neither by the thing

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



"In for a Dip": Vida Hope and Joan Sterndale Bennett



"Native Clod": Bernard Miles

presented nor the means taken to present it betrays the stress of the period, except in its cheerfully defiant and rather moving prologue and epilogue, and perhaps in the recital by Miss Evans of one of Queen Elizabeth's very English speeches to the Commons.

Leaning back comfortably in our stalls, savouring the masterly comedy of Miss Evans, the delightful burlesque of Miss Dickson, the real singing of Miss Eisinger, the ruthless satire of Miss Grenfell, we might still be living in a sane world.

FOR here is immense professional competence, and in the case of Miss Evans, something more, used to civilise frivolity. Most of the people and things ridiculed are of any or all periods. They have roots in human nature, and the laughter they provoke is the laughter of countless associations.

The coolly calculating lady who rehearses at her toilette table, the conquest she is about to make of a gallant captain, is taken by Miss Evans out of time and given a universal validity.

The blasé young woman who is tired of most things, but simply adores her dentist, and thrills to the rhythm of his drill, belongs to any of the silly periods which recur through history, and Miss Dickson gets the last tremor of ecstatic morbidity out of her.

Miss Grenfell takes a penetrating glance into the local library and comes away with a beauty worthy of a place beside her volubly, unhelpful social worker, and her sweetly understanding American mother.

Miss Eisinger revives the authentic enchantment of Viennese woods at dawn besides mocking with exquisite trills the Arcadianism of powdered town belles.

M.R. BERNARD MILES gives us country humour that is genuinely racy of Hertfordshire soil. One was almost forgetting the unforgettable—Mr. Peter Ustinov's acid sketches of temperamentally unsuited producers contending with the rigours of "King Lear."

There is a classic quality in all that is best in this show, and that quality, combined with a constant unforced liveliness, gives us an entertainment which is at once frivolous and civilised—and so puts the poor Londoner one up on Blackpool.

"Rendezvous"

Margot Fonteyn Dances a Solo in an Ashton Ballet



Photographs by Anthony

Rendezvous was one of Frederick Ashton's earlier ballets, and the difficult, elegant solo of which these action pictures were taken was composed as a compliment to and exercise for Alicia Markova's technical brilliance. Margot Fonteyn now dances it with her own exquisite sense of style and flowing grace. The ballet, which might be described as a gay and frivolous great-grandchild of *Les Sylphides*, moves to Auber's music, and has a charming decor and dresses in white and pink and blue by William Chappell. It is part of the repertoire which the Sadler's Wells company bring back to London with them. After their work for E.N.S.A. and their tours in the Midlands and Devon, they arrived at the New Theatre on Tuesday, January 14th, for a season of afternoon performances.

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Mobile Canteens

No fewer than sixty-nine mobile canteens in the London area are being run by the Women's Auxiliary Y.M.C.A., of which Mrs. Sydney H. Marsham is chairman, and Lady Blane and Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith joint honorary secretaries. In the ordinary way they minister to the Balloon Barrage boys, A.R.P. posts, etc., but they are tremendously helpful in emergencies, such as the dreadful fires recently, when four operated all night, from 11 p.m. And, in fact, in any fires or bombing occasions, when people are cold and homeless in the middle of the night, and such things as hot cups of tea really are life-savers.

Lady Blane rescued a very engaging black kitten from one burning house, and found it a home. She is continually on the job herself.

Y.M.C.A. Itself

THERE are sixty branches of this admirable organisation in London, including one in what used to be Gatti's Restaurant in the Strand—rather a piquant combination, especially as Gatti's remains as it was, in rather tarnished splendour, with gilt clinging to the musicians' gallery and elsewhere, and Edwardian shades twirling their moustaches and drinking champagne out of slippers in every corner. George R. Sims was one of the old days habitués, also Lord Salisbury, who always had a grilled chop and chips.

Lady Cohen, who is one of the workers at the Gatti's branch, gave a lovely New Year's Day tea there. Quantities of soldiers

enjoyed it: there were splendid buns and things, and singing and much happiness.

Apart from a gala guest day like that, food and tea are sold to the men at rock-bottom prices, and it is somewhere for them to go at any time, day or night, for food, warmth, entertainment and companionship. Another helper is Mrs. White, whose pretty daughter is Mrs. Pat Gamble—Mr. Gamble is the son of the late Dean of Exeter.

Mr. W. E. Waterworth is Metropolitan Area Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., which, incidentally, took over Ciro's in the last war.

Lunchtime Shakespeare

ALL this culture at mealtimes is an excellent idea, if "pulling in our belts" will hurry up victory—which it will.

Mr. Donald Wolfit has taken the Strand Theatre, and there, from one till two, it is possible to enjoy a succession of Shakespeare programmes. They were doing an abridged *Twelfth Night* last Tuesday, with Miss Olga Edwardes as a pleasantly retroussé Viola, and Mr. Wolfit mincing and posturing to the summit of anyone's conception of Malvolio, while Olivia and Sir Toby were respectively as blonde and as rubicund as could be.

Adequate sandwiches and biscuits and cups of coffee are to be had in the bar. Also, there was a bottle of gin and one of lime-juice on the counter, not in demand, but evidence of a licence.

Three parsons daringly fitted in yet another sandwich after the five-minutes bell. It was very pleasant just to sit there, and listen to the soothingly familiar lines—and



An Engaged Couple in Sussex

Miss Patricia Rank, whose engagement is announced, is with her fiancé, Mr. John P. Scrivener, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Scrivener, of Wimbledon. Miss Rank is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Rank and Mrs. Rank, of Aldwick Place, Aldwick, West Sussex. She was presented at one of the Courts in 1939, and is the niece of Mr. J. V. Rank, millionaire miller and race-horse owner.

nice to know that it can be repeated any day of the week. There is far too little relaxation about, and what there is should be encouraged.

Favourite Things Still Standing Up

THESE include, at the moment, that lovely dragon who lives between the Strand and Fleet Street, savagely marking the spot where Temple Bar used to be. Never was there a more real dragon, just on the point of taking flight with his lavishly spiked wings.

And Lockes, the hatters in St. James's Street, which hopefully suggests the continuance of bowlers, that have continued for so long, and embody so much that is favourite in social life—race meetings and the taciturn gentlemen of tradition who tip them over their eyes, bloodstock sales, and the horse-copers who wear them tipped back, hunting, with second horsemen wearing them bang in the middle, and a few rakish young bloods in rat-catcher wearing them tipped to the side. And, of course, those occasions of the dark suit and rolled umbrella.

And Asprey, with all the ornamental things in the window that Americans used to run up accounts to give one another. Useful things, too, of course, which we hope will survive these sterner days, when patriots are forced to give up gold champagne swizzlers and jewelled vanity-cases.

Gymnasium en Fête

THE gymnasium of a famous O.C.T.U. that is a landmark somewhere in England was gorgeously draped in red and white bunting for a dance the other night. All the dread "apparatus" on which the boys are taught indifference to danger was cleverly concealed—the ropes looped prettily overhead in the curtained-off ladies' cloakroom, vaulting-horses and such beneath rather tripping-up trapdoors in the floor, and the muscle-wrenching devices around the walls heavily draped.



An Engaged Couple at the Meurice

Swaebe

Miss Roslyn Barbara Wingfield-Stratford is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, of The Oaks, Berkhamsted. She was supping at the Meurice with her fiancé, Mr. Richard Wrottesley, 52nd Light Infantry, only son of the Hon. Walter Wrottesley, of Wrottesley Hall, Wolverhampton, and Mrs. Rupert Stephens, of Cholderton Manor House, Salisbury. Their marriage will take place at Berkhamsted on January 25th



London Wedding

Captain John Gwynne, Royal Artillery, and Miss Patricia Morrison-Bell were married at Chelsea Old Church, and the bridegroom had his hat put on his head for him as he and his bride came out to their car. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gwynne, of Deans, Piddigoe, Sussex, and she is the youngest daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, and a niece of Viscount Powerscourt. Her velvet dress was sapphire-blue



Hampshire Wedding

The marriage took place at All Saints' Church, Headley, Hants, between Captain Chambre Brabazon Ponsonby, 10th Royal Hussars, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, of Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, Co. Tipperary, and Miss Merelina Bosanquet, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bosanquet, of Bayfields, Headley. Captain P. M. G. Llewellyn-Palmer was best man, and two pages, Jeremy and Timothy Whitaker, attended the bride

The gallery above, from which one imagined irascible instructors straining their lungs, was meekly converted into a series of ceremonial-looking "boxes," from which the most lordly of the young gentlemen contemplated the scene and popped corks between dances. Altogether a perfect reproduction of a hunt ball in a town hall, and the extremely good Army band finished up with "John Peel," too.

Who Was There

GODLIKE Staff officers in dark blue were surrounded by ladies of the best Army type, and among the well-known and distinguished ones there were Sir John and Lady Child—she is Canadian, and has lovely real blonde hair; Captain Victor Blundell, whose sister, Miss Violet Blundell, is so good-looking; Mr. Robin Whigham, a cousin of Mrs. Charles Sweeny; Mr. Lane-Fox from Yorkshire; Mr. R. P. Smyly, who married Miss Diana Mills, and many others.

Among the cadets was Mr. Cash, whose very pretty wife from Philadelphia was with him. And Mr. Gavin Vernon Black, full of amusing things to say; and Messrs. Tom and David Bland, in the same company, but not related, although everyone takes it for granted that they are.

Goats

IT seems that goats are fetching very high prices, and many people with any sort of open space suitable for same are contemplating buying one. It is all very well to visualise one's own milk and butter and even cheese incorporated in the vivacious creature, but, of course, there is the job of learning to extract the milk, and that of turning it into the wanted commodities.

Still, there is no doubt that goats are economical creatures to feed: anyone who has seen them in Malta, roaming the roads and completely arid plains, fairly weighed down with milk, apparently created out of pieces of paper and occasional drinks of water, will confirm this.

They are quite nice when young, too, but, like people, often turn out badly when grown up.

Feminine Influence on Transport

WOMEN, much more than men, are inclined to display their private personalities when at work. One is far more aware of the new girl bus conductors than one ever was of the jerky, puppet-like male automatons who shot so agilely up and down those precarious stairs, jingling their change, and uttering mechanical words of command ("Hurry-along-please," "Hold-tight," "Fez pliz") to the cowed passengers.

Now the horrors of correct change, malignant outside influences like cold, or standing-room only at rush hours are more freely acknowledged and, most feminine note, clothes and make-up have almost become official conversation.

Or so I felt when a rather cute number in the grey suit and peaked cap of her new calling suddenly bent over me and said, "Excuse me, but what is the name of your perfume?"

Actress

I AM sent news of Miss Marie Ney, the actress, who is apparently also a racehorse owner, having been presented with a noble animal called Mystic Music, by her husband, Dr. Tom Menzies. Unlike so many of its kind, this horse quickly won a race—the Singapore Gold Cup—to the great satisfaction of its friends. Miss Ney then flew to Australia to play in that gruesome thriller, *Ladies in Retirement*.



Bassano

The Hon. Henry and Mrs. Hankey

The Hon. Henry Alers Hankey is the youngest son of Lord and Lady Hankey, of Highstead, Limpsfield, Surrey. He was married quietly at the beginning of the month to Miss Vronwy Fisher, only daughter of the Rev. T. F. and Mrs. Fisher, of Stilton Rectory, Peterborough. Her father officiated at the wedding, which took place at St. Mary's, Stilton



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
JANUARY 15, 1941



International trio in a huddle were Graf Kurt von Pantz, Lady Mendl and Princess Marthe de Bourbon, wife of the Archduke Franz Josef. Graf Kurt von Pantz and his younger brother Hubert started the most luxurious and expensive country club in Europe before the war—the one at Mittersill, in the Tyrol

Over the Ocean

**Supper Among the Zebra
Stripes of El Morocco**



From Hollywood flew Dorothy Lamour on a two-day visit to New York, and her companion was Wynn Roconora. She left her sarong behind, and brought instead one of the high-cut dresses which have been New York's evening uniform since war began



Bigest alimony in the States is payed by Tommy Manville, who has had five blonde wives in rapid succession. Here he is buying a ticket for a British War Benefit party from Mrs. Nicholas Embericos and Miss Peggy Healy, who is engaged to an Englishman



Lovely Grecian is Mrs. Michael Arlen, who spent an evening at El Morocco with Jerome Zerbe during her visit to New York. Her step-mother, Countess Mercati, was well known in American society before she married Mrs. Arlen's father, who is Chamberlain to the King of Greece



Miss Compton Collier

Viscountess Pollington and Her Two Younger Children

During a visit to her father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher, at Margam Abbey, Port Talbot, South Wales, this new portrait was taken of Viscountess Pollington and her second son, the Hon. Charles Anthony Savile, aged six, and her daughter, the Hon. Anne Sarah Elizabeth Savile, born in 1938, not to mention one of those most interesting of cats, a Siamese. Viscountess Pollington married the son and heir of the Earl of Mexborough in 1930, and their elder son was born in the following year. They live at Eltofts House, Thorner, Yorkshire

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MEDITATING deeply, ever since it was published, on the New Year Honours List, we admire more than ever the calm, equable justice with which, even in wartime, Whitehall recognises the existence of the Arts and gives them a genial if slightly abstracted nod in passing. Four eminent children of the Muses, unless we've counted wrong, among that cloud of official bigwigs and business men, is not a bad proportion, considering how few of the Muses' children, including the new honour-bearers, will ever make £10,000 a year and upward (to our own knowledge less than half a dozen current booksy boys and girls will cut up warm, as they say in the City).

"Stick to Shakespeare, Mr. Lee—there's money in him," said Edward VII., that shrewd judge of men and affairs, to the Bard's biographer, very soundly. "Another damned great thick book!" said the jovial Duke of Gloucester to the author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "Always scribble, scribble, scribble—eh, Mr. Gibbon?" This was also a kindly pat on the back, H.R.H. having been told that Mr. Gibbon's damned great thick books were selling like billy-ho.

The Island Race may not be crazy about the Arts and their hairy practitioners, but when one of these queer, feckless half-wits manages to capitalise his stuff on a business basis the Race is the first to acknowledge it, and has even been known to stand the lad a public dinner.

BUT sour-puss dreamers who accuse the Race of a real hatred of Art do it a grave injustice, in our pitiful view. At least

three happy big fat smooth rosy novelists, rolling in dough and laying down the law perpetually in all things in Heaven and earth, give them the lie at this moment.

Tennyson got a peerage for writing saleable poetry and Arnold Bennett, who owned a yacht, was nationally recognised to be tops.

So, as Spartacus said to the torturers, what?

Sideshow

THAT curious little private war between the French and the Siamese (or Thai) on the borders of Indo-China keeps bobbing into the news at intervals, but nobody takes much notice of it, least of all the big experts who know all about tactics and strategy and are constantly able to reveal Hitler's plans in advance inaccurately. It reminds us of a couple of lone booksy girls scuffling violently in a corner during a big literary free-for-all, when Miss Boodle's supporters are wading into the Coodle faction tooth and nail.

Whether the inhabitants of Siam (or Thailand) or the colonial French started this crêpage de chignons, and why, isn't quite clear to us yet, but there's doubtless the usual basinfal of ideology and aspirations and self-determination and living-space and all the tralala mixed up with it.

But it isn't the kind of war to waste Our Special Correspondent on, and if the boys concerned think Fleet Street is looking at them they're odiously mistaken. No front-page hopes for them, we're thinking, unless one side or the other can get a blonde to

lead a big attack, in which case the most hard-pressed chief sub-editor would spare them half-a-stick—if we may be technical—at the bottom of column 5, next to the toothpaste advert. ("Blonde Battle Beauty Queen Drama.")

ANOTHER reason why these opponents could pack up on the spot, from the publicity angle, is that few citizens in this country know or care much about the Siamese, who have an annoying habit of looking very like the Chinese and Japanese.

The average citizen can't be bothered to worry



"Do you think you're wise to carry both your eggs in one basket, dear?"



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN.

"—And this is a time bomb at my Aunt Georgina's"

out this sort of puzzle, though he doesn't seem to mind numbers of people (e.g. cricketers) going about looking and talking exactly like horses; a thing we personally find excessively irritating. *De gustibus*—as the actress said laughingly to the stockbroker.

Rap

SUFFOLK farmers having threatened a deputation of protest to the Minister of Agriculture, the Minister has refused to receive it; which will teach those petulant hayseeds who's who.

There are many kinds of deputations in democracy, fierce or meek, dumb or full of gabble. A good politician doesn't give a rush for any of them and there are 156 known ways of evasion, not counting the dummy-telephone trick, so largely practised in Big Business and film circles.

THE architects of Whitehall took particular care—by order, in many cases—to foil future deputations by constructing Ministers' rooms with as many doors as the bedroom in a Palais Royal farce. In and out of these doors beautifully-groomed private secretaries and hangers-on with exquisitely modulated voices can pop to soothe a frantic deputation with false bonhomie and bland regrets, while the Minister concerned is already half-way to his club, bouncing up and down in the taxi and laughing himself sick.

In some rooms, a Whitehall official assured us, there is a trap-door down which the Minister can vanish suddenly. While the deputation is still staring pop-eyed at the floor, the Fairy Queen shoots up and waves a graceful wand, reciting rhymed couplets which are even more idiotic and meaningless than a non-committal official reply.

Thus (said this chap) does Democracy hush and soothe her fractious children, like the great All-Mother.

Footnote

THIS is all rather complex and academic compared with the Mussolini method of cowing visitors. Anybody approaching in happier days, the Duce in the Chigi Palace had to advance alone through a vast, echoing room over what seemed—one of his visitors once told us—like fifteen miles of shining slippery marble floor. Far away at the

(Concluded on page 86)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Like Father, Like Daughter

Twenty-eight years ago young Johnston Forbes-Robertson looked astonishingly like his actress-daughter does to-day. She, Jean, was photographed beside this picture of her father while she was staying with her sister, Blossom (Mrs. F. G. Miles). The picture is dated April 23rd, 1913, is signed by the great actor, and is inscribed "There is a providence in the fall of a sparrow." Jean Forbes-Robertson and her husband, André van Gyseghem, are now acting in the revival—which she presented and he produced—of *Berkeley Square*, at the Vaudeville, she playing the same part as she took in the first revival of the play twelve years ago

Standing By ...

(Continued)

extreme end sat the Duce at his table in silence, wearing the famous frown. Not until the visitor had entirely completed his lonely plod over the wide empty open spaces did the Duce speak and rise to greet him.

You had to be pretty sure of yourself not to be semi-annihilated by an approach like that, and the average deputation would look more of a fool than ever if Whitehall employed this method.

Citizens of the clumsier kind, also, would slip and stagger and glissade, and maybe fall whacko on their trousers, causing immense secret mirth in the Ministerial breast. Well, Whitehall may yet have to be reconstructed, who knows?

Shrine

Nobody ever went near it except Americans flushed with Cheshire Cheese pudding, but it was one of the most delightful houses in the world, and now the Boche has gutted it.

We refer to Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street, which was kept in almost exactly the same condition as the Doctor left it in, and crammed with memorials—books, prints, autographs, furniture—of that great Englishman. The garret in which Johnson and his Scots amanuenses toiled at the Dictionary was so full of his living presence that you almost felt that gigantic pock-marked figure rolling and snorting behind your left shoulder or puffing gruntulously up the steep stairs. (And maybe some of his actual presence did linger. The Doctor was no lover of clean linen, and you remember his careful correction of the peevish lady in the coach?—"Nay, Madam, you smell; I stink.")

There was no bath in the Gough Square house, so far as we remember, and indeed the Doctor would have thought it odd if there had been. The Age of Reason, unlike the Middle Ages, which were passionately fond of bathing, was a dirty one.

AMERICA will mourn the destruction of Johnson's house most largely—and especially, we judge, Colonel Isham of New York, who with Mr. R. B. Adam is the greatest living authority on Johnsoniana.

This shows the essential generosity of Americans, to whom the Doctor never referred without violent bellowings, calling them rebels and traitors and dogs; in spite of which they produced at the time an American edition of *Rasselas* which made the Great Cham think more kindly of them, for after all he was a literary boy and had all the booksy weaknesses.

Remembering all this, we wish to Heaven he had gone a few times to the Cheshire Cheese, where so many thousand American devotees have sat (and will sit) in his favourite seat, under the big brass plate.

Blow

APROPOS bathing, the severe soap restrictions recently imposed by the Nazis on Denmark must be a blow of a nature inconceivable even to the Island Race, which deems itself more cleanly than most. The Scandinavians are even cleaner and also have more telephones, thus proving that they are more cultured and progressive than anybody on earth.

Nevertheless one old Nordic custom was always a great shock to Island modesty, and when a sahib, wallowing joyfully in one of

those lavish Swedish bath-houses where they give you lashings of hot water and soap and big bunches of soft, fragrant pine-shavings instead of a sponge, suddenly perceived an enormous elderly *froeken* advancing to wash him, her sleeves tucked up and her stolid blonde pan expressive of the sternest devotion to duty, he generally submerged with bubbling cries of agony. This cosy old custom died out quite recently, travellers tell us.

EVEN more embarrassing and far more matey is the Japanese bath-house, by all accounts. It's just a matter of viewpoint, the British deeming the act of bathing to be a semi-religious ritual closely connected with cricket, the Japanese deeming it an occasion for harmless romps. For this reason, probably, not one of the 298 clergymen and spinsters who have written books in English on the Lure of Sunny Japan has ever described this quaint native custom, preferring to remark delicately that these charming little people are very cleanly (just like us) and passing on to the cherry-blossom and lanterns.

Another quaint Nipponee custom they also miss is that hellish industrial mass-production, a macabre caricature of the vilest imaginings of the West. However, so

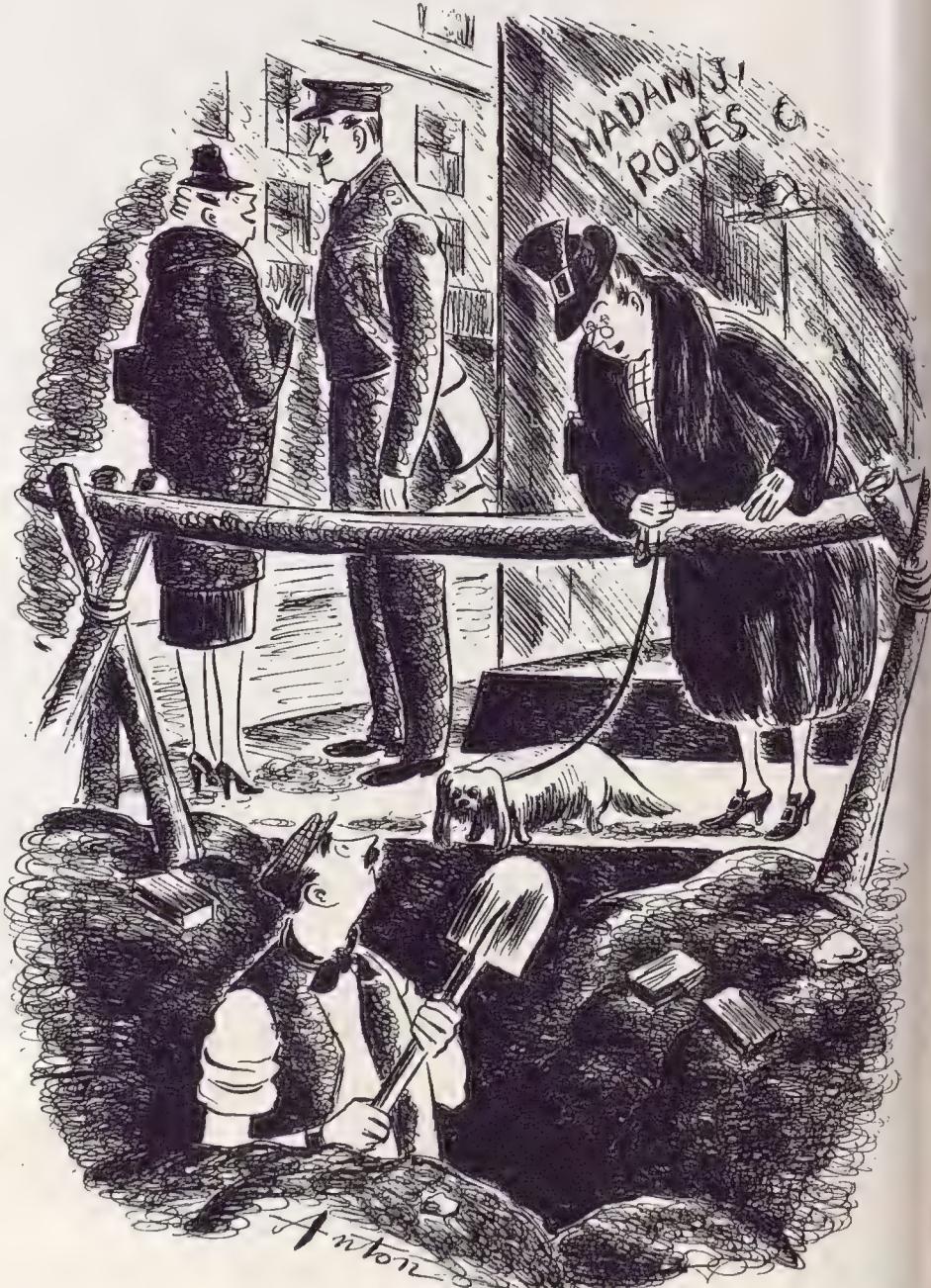
long as the Japanese keep clean and have plenty of telephones . . .

Problem

SOME of the professional film boys are being rather testy with the unfortunate Ministry of Information (known to its many friends as Anxious Annie) on the grounds that the Ministry's Film Division's ways are time-wasting and ineffectual, a state of affairs abhorrent to the British film industry, as is known to one and all.

Our own feeling is that this is unfair, the problem of creating "heart interest" in propaganda films being a difficult and complicated one. For example, there seems at first sight no place for a dewy blonde in a "straight" statistical film about (say) the widget industry-in wartime. Deftly to weave a story of love and hate and misunderstanding into this, working up to the big final chase in which the blonde, the hero, the Navy, the R.A.F., the Luftwaffe, 15,000,000 tons of blast-forged widgets, the villain, the secret formula, and Joe Finkelstein's Band are all involved requires a lot of time to think out something which won't be too cock-eyed even for the cinema public.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Excuse me, is that a bomb crater, or have you made it yourself?"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"That's enough about Whatsit the Second, and 'is conquerin'! You start chippin' out
a statue o' Wavell the First"

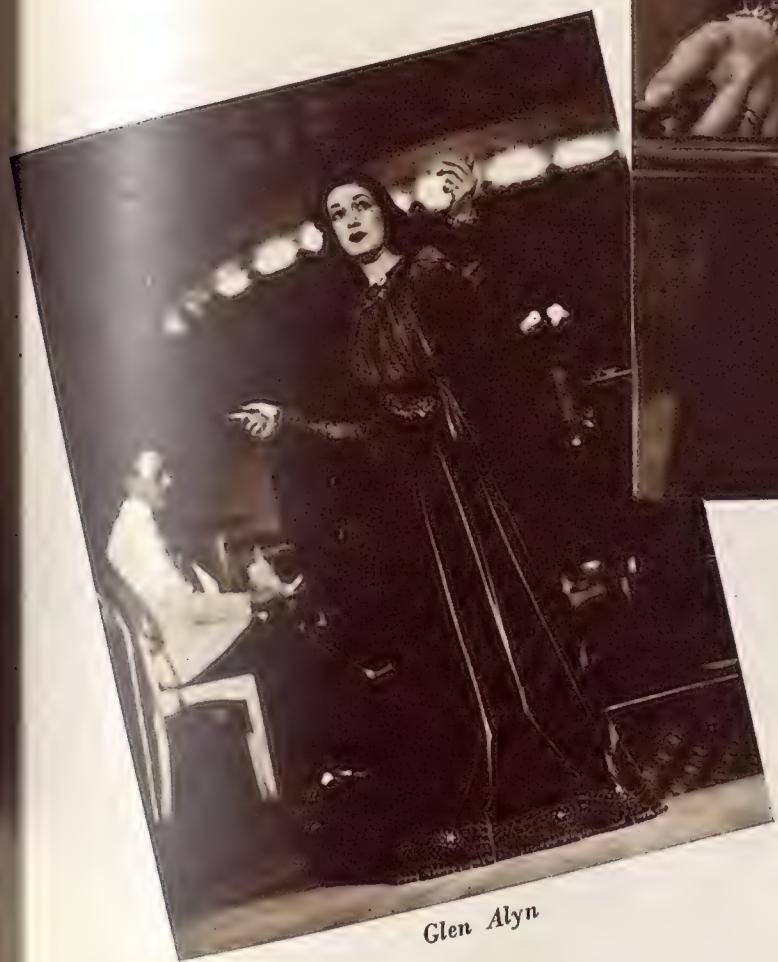
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"Auld Lang Syne"

Jack and Daphne Barker, the popular cabaret artists, have introduced their new "flip it" technique into the rendering of various old songs, including "Auld Lang Syne," which heartily pleased the company at the May Fair. The insertion of the words "flip it" in place of some of the original ones has startling and amusingly ambiguous results. Jack and Daphne write most of their own songs, which are set to music by Ian Grant. Jack Barker is a quartermaster in his local Home Guard.

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Glen Alyn



The Simple Sophisticate

Glen Alyn is another attractive personality in cabaret, dark and decorative, and is described as the Simple Sophisticate. She croons some indiscreet trifles with an innocent air. In one of her songs she guarantees to go on loving someone until "The day that George Black puts on fifty-seven varieties; And Messrs. Heinz sell tinned Vic Oliver with ham; When Viscount Castlerosse joins the 'Daily Worker' staff; When the Nut House turns quite sane again; And Fanny Day forgets those trills." She has recently completed a long contract with Warner Bros., where she worked under Irving Asher. Her last film was "Husband-in-law," with Barry K. Barnes. Glen Alyn is Australian by birth, and her sister Audrey was married to Lord Doverdale in 1933. They are the daughters of Mr. Arthur Pointing, a name famous in the Australian meat industry.

A Trainer at Home

Mr. H. L. Cottrill and His Stables at Seven Barrows, Lambourn

Many years as a successful trainer has been the pleasant career of Mr. H. L. Cottrill. His establishment at Seven Barrows, Lambourn, is famous throughout the racing world. One of his earliest successes was Irish Elegance, whose brilliant performances included winning the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, carrying the record weight of 9 st. 11 lb. Many other important handicaps have been won by horses trained by Cottrill, but so far the Derby has proved elusive, though Robin Goodfellow was second to Bahram in the Derby of 1935. Bloodstock is bred by Mr. Cottrill at Benham Stud Farm, Newbury. A favourite sport of Mr. Cottrill's is foxhunting, and for many years he hunted with the Quorn and Belvoir Hounds until a serious accident in 1937 with the Quorn prevented any further participation in the sport of kings.



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

A View of Seven Barrows, Lambourn

This lovely picture taken from the hill, looking down on to Seven Barrows, shows Mr. H. L. Cottrill's bushman in Berkshire. In the background are the gallops over the Downs, which is the ideal type for



The Old Yard

Not much was left of the old stables, with their beautiful thatched roofs, in the yard at Seven Barrows, after the bad fire which occurred in June 1939, in which five horses were lost and over fifty boxes were destroyed. Our picture is a typical scene of Mr. Cottrill casting his eye over a horse in training



The New

The most modern and up-to-date stables possible have been built. The new stable-yard and entrance-gate were only completed for horses for flat racing for over twenty-five years, and have given



ment at Lambourn,
training purposes



Samson

Mr. H. L. Cottrill, who is a wizard with all animals, has trained his golden retriever, Samson, to jump, and the gate he is clearing is no mean obstacle. Mr. Cottrill has a fine herd of cattle, which he breeds on a large scale to produce beef



Fairstone

Mr. Cottrill trained for the late Sir Abe Bailey, amongst others, Fairstone, with whom he is photographed, bought at the December Newmarket Sales for 4,000 guineas by the Hon. Dorothy Paget. Fairstone now goes to stud at Mr. Cottrill's Benham Stud Farm, Newbury

Harry Cottrill

(Below) Henry Lawson Cottrill sits at a desk in his office at Seven Barrows, surrounded by photographs and other mementoes of his long training career. In early days he owned, trained and rode jumpers, and was a very successful gentleman rider



*place those destroyed by the fire.
Mr. Cottrill has been training
or a number of well-known owners*



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Persecution of Catholics in Germany

IT has always been an amusement to me to witness the utter surprise in official quarters in London when Hitler perpetrated yet another of his crimes against humanity and international law. Everybody—I mean the man in the street—had seen it coming from afar, expected it when it took place, and would have been most astonished if it hadn't occurred! You have only got to get inside the mind of a megalomaniac and his followers of gunmen and careerists to foresee almost every move from the start. Therefore moral indignation is beside the point when everything foreseen has been accomplished.

With all due deference to Great Britain and the smaller countries of Europe, the fact that they were unprepared when the blow struck demands also its moral indignation. At least, it seems so to me. If seven years' warning isn't sufficient, twenty would surely have been as inadequate. And the worst of being unprepared is that it always demands the sacrifice of millions of trusting people in order to make up leeway due to procrastination. Inevitable, I suppose, under democracy, where alas! an extra threepenny-bit on the income-tax, no matter for how safeguarding a cause, can be used for political ends by leaders who know that most men loathe to part with their threepenny-bits unless, so to speak,

the enemy is at the gate; when, of course, they have to part with considerably more.

Hope for the best but prepare for the worst is not a bad adage, it seems to me, in both personal philosophy and international conduct. One hates the Germans, just as one has only a contempt for the Italians, but in this hatred of the Germans there is forced to go a frightful admiration of the diabolical cunning with which they put their evil across. If you are determined to be evil—be evil: it is the only way to save yourself from being a contemptuous failure. But to be evil you must instinctively know human nature in its weakest and least divine sense.

That is why the Fifth Column has had, on the whole, such staggering successes. That is also why, in a less important sense, Lord Haw-Haw gets listened to, and the man on the other wave-length, who uses foul language on the air, knowing full well that English listeners will be so astonished to hear such words over the air that they will tell their friends, gets an audience ready-made. Oh, yes; they are diabolically cunning, these Nazis!

And another example of their cunning is exposed in a book, which has been written by a German priest who, for obvious reasons, must remain anonymous, entitled, *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich* (Burns Oates; 5s.).

Plot Within Plot

THE cunning consists in the clever subterfuges which are employed to conceal their real intentions from those not personally interested. As this priest proves relentlessly step by step, there is no open, official persecution as befell the Jews. It is far more subtle than that, but equally as effective. And each step has been, and is being, taken deliberately.

Open persecution would not only have alienated the whole Catholic world, but might have caused a certain amount of revolt among the many million German Catholics. So the means employed have been gradually, but relentlessly, to squeeze out of all public, political and educational life every Roman Catholic influence which might have proved a danger to the Nazi cause. And with this has gone a subtle propaganda against the personnel of the Church—propaganda which would create in the minds of the Germans an impression that these same churchmen were so evil, so anti-National Socialist, that even to tolerate such a state of affairs was proof positive that Hitler and his thugs had no enmity against Roman Catholics merely on account of their faith and doctrines.

To give but one instance: crimes—especially sexual crimes—committed by Roman Catholics were given official publicity. The same crimes committed by anyone connected with the official Nazi movement were not only suppressed in the newspaper, but most of the criminals were acquitted. The consequence of this was that Catholics were publicly insulted in the streets and, as far as possible, they often found it difficult to make a living—since to deal with one of them was to lay oneself open to anti-National Socialist tendencies, and, as everybody knows, suspicion alone may mean a concentration camp.

(Concluded on page 94)



Frank O'Brien

Irish Writer and Her Daughter

Mrs. Keane, photographed with her daughter Sarah at Belleville Park, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, is well known under her pen name of W. J. Farrell, part-author of that delightful play of Irish life, "Spring Meeting," now in preparation for the films at Welwyn Studios with Sarah Churchill in the leading part. Mrs. Keane is the wife of Mr. Bobbie Keane, a nephew of Senator Sir John Keane, Bt., of Cappoquin



Austrian Composer Safe in America

Mr. Oscar Strauss has recently arrived safely in the United States and is seen seated at the piano in his New York hotel, with his son, Walter Strauss, and his actress daughter-in-law. Among Oscar Strauss's many popular works is "The Chocolate Soldier," an unauthorised parody on Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," which originally ran for 500 performances at the Lyric thirty years ago; was revived during the last war and again in 1940.

Dancing in Dublin

The Ward Union Staghounds Hunt Ball



Mrs. Harry Cronin, Mr. Henry O'Leary, a well-known Irish race-horse owner, and Mrs. Whitehead attended the Hunt Ball at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin. Mrs. Cronin's husband is a former Davis Cup tennis player, and her brother, Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, is sole Master of the Ward Union in the absence of the Earl of Fingall.



Mr. B. Pullan is with Mrs. Harry Beasley and Miss Denise St. George Smith, well known with the Meath and Louth Hounds

Captain Hugh C. Massy, on a few days' leave from his regiment, the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, was chatting between dances with Lady Rathdonell, whose husband is soldiering, and Mr. Gerald Annesley, a prominent race-horse owner in Ireland and son of the late Commander Gerald Sowerby and Lady Mabel Annesley.



Miss Mollie O'Rorke, M.F.H., is sitting out with Mr. Roger Greene, who played golf for Ireland in 1933 and was runner-up for the Swedish and Danish Golf Championships in 1937. Miss O'Rorke is Master of the Galway Blazers this season, the first time this office has been held by a woman.



Mr. Alex Craigie, the popular Joint-Master with Mr. John Hely-Hutchinson of the Fingall Harriers, was photographed at the ball with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Craigie. Her husband is the hon. sec. of the Fingall Harriers. Their country, mostly pasture land, lies in the north of County Dublin.



A newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Robert Hill, were at the very successful Ward Union Hunt Ball, at which members of all the different hunts turned up. Mrs. Hill was Miss Pansy Grace, third daughter of Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., of Boley, Monkstown. Both she and her father are interested in dog breeding.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Hand-in-hand with this were violent anti-Catholic demonstrations, anti-Catholic posters, interference with the Church itself; the compulsory disbandment of the Catholic Youth Movement; the muzzling of the Catholic Press; economic pressure; physical terrorism; wholesale dismissal of Catholic teachers in schools and in public offices; exclusion of Catholics from any branch of education; obstruction of the Church's work in all directions; refusal of legal protection; everything, in fact, which could possibly make the Church powerless and to bring it into bad odour with the German masses. For, it was easy to see, so long as the Christian principles of morals and human aspiration hold a certain sway in Germany, the Nazi philosophy had a severe critic, a judge, an enemy in its midst.

Besides, the tendency was to substitute Hitler for Christ in the mind of German youth. Only by a kind of hysterical fanaticism could Hitler and his thugs build up for themselves an abiding prosperity. And, with what success, his Catholic children at a free dinner given by the National Socialist Welfare Committee at Cologne were made to chant the following "Grace":

Führer, my Führer, on me by God bestowed,
My life in times to come protect and hold;
Out of deepest distress thou has Germany led,
To thee I owe, alone, my daily bread:
Abandon thou me never, with me for e'er abide,
Führer, my Führer, my Faith and my Light,
Heil, my Führer!

(Could human silliness go farther, O Führer? I myself would like to add.)

Facts and Documents

THERE is no gainsaying the importance of this book; the facts and documents

upon which it has been built up being beyond dispute. Who the author may be we shall never know—until after the war. But that he is still able, because of his special position, to receive material which "is circulated internally in Church circles only," is apparent all the way through his disturbing book.

But it is a book which everyone interested in the anti-Christian cult within German National Socialism should read. It is a revelation as to the ways and means which Nazism is cunningly employing in order to undermine the old Christian laws of morality, family life and human conduct. For with these spiritual ideals still alive in the human heart, Nazism loses one of its main foundation-stones. They render the future uncertain. Eventually, of course, they will sound its death-knell. In the meantime . . . alas!

A Well-Written Novel

HAVE you ever read a novel which, although well written, although admirably constructed, although quite interesting up to a point, if fate willed that you lost the book before you had finished it, you would simply shrug your mental shoulders and not worry very much? I found Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's new story, *Fool of Time* (Heinemann; 9s.), this kind of a book—only fate did not will that I should lose it, and I read through to the quietly happy ending.

I don't quite know why this should have been so—I mean my lack of real enthusiasm—because it is a family chronicle, and I like family chronicles; the plot moves easily and always towards its proper denouement; the dialogue is bright, touching as it does upon war, politics, Communism, the Spanish Revolution, the absurdity of certain of our libel laws; the characters are nicely defined, and altogether I am sure the

book will be very popular among novel-readers. It has many of those ingredients which make for popularity—a delightful country setting in a delightfully restored old country house; everybody is financially comfortable; there are no servant problems; everybody talks a great deal and never quite aimlessly.

Also there are some nice young people—Drew, bitten by the desire to cut and run away from home to fight for Spain; Dallas, outwardly 1938 in outlook, but inwardly "Rhoda Broughton," who is half in love with a married man years older than herself; a nice little girl of fourteen, a hyper-sensitive boy of ten; some dogs; some cats; a quite perfect housekeeper; all surrounded by a charming flower garden. Alma, the mother of these young people, was a frustrated artist—frustrated by her marriage to Colin. She is forty, but in her youth had been elfin. Her husband, Colin, was strong, without being silent; a man who dominated the home, who took his own and his family's life a bit too seriously, and for whom all servants were his willing slaves. Then there is Carin, Alma's sister, who had married, been divorced (making herself, quite stupidly, the guilty party, it seemed to me), who had had a lover but refused to marry him, gone to America, where she made a great success as a journalist, and was, when the story opens, almost engaged to a young American war correspondent, who sent her flowers and cabled verses, appropriately sentimental.

Good and Less Good

IT is with the return of Carin from America to revisit the scenes of her girlhood that the story begins, properly speaking. For presently we guess that she had been more than half in love with Colin, her brother-in-law, and he completely in love with her.

Maybe it was some of the incidents in this story which robbed it of the interest I felt I ought to feel in so well-written and well-constructed a novel. For instance, I could feel little but exasperation for a mother who threatened to leave her husband because he had ordered to be drowned a litter of kittens and thus made her youngest boy almost hysterical with sorrow.

Nor could I quite believe that, knowing her husband was still half in love with her sister, she tried her best to make her sister meet this sentiment at least half-way. Nor do I think a girl would immediately hate the man she nearly loved, married though he be, merely because he half-accused her of giving away the secret of his anonymity over the authorship of a novel called *Bread and Cherries*.

And yet there is psychological insight in the scene where Carin allows Colin to kiss her passionately, simply to prove to herself that she no longer feels that way towards him. And there is beauty in such a passage as this—the scene is where Carin goes to say good-night to the sleeping child and wonders if happiness for a woman lies in having children, though fettered, or being childless and free to do what she likes with her own life:

Now, as she watched Alma's sleeping son, it seemed to her that no human misfortune was so deep, so incurable, as childlessness. To have been in love and to have, when it was over, no earnest of it—that was the essential tragedy of life. For love died. Love was Time's fool. It did not look on tempests and remain unshaken: it bore nothing out to the edge of doom. Neither did summer's honey breath hold out against the siege of battering days. "I am wiser than Shakespeare," thought Carin, pulling up the door behind her and going down the stairs. "How satisfactory!"



Miss Joan Duncan

The only daughter of Mr. John S. Duncan, C.B.E.; Official Secretary in Great Britain for the Commonwealth of Australia, and Mrs. John Duncan, is serving with the Australian Masses, and is seen wearing the uniform of this corps. Miss Duncan's father was Deputy Director of Posts and Telegraphs, N.S.W., from 1935-1938, and Chief Administrative Officer of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry



The Hon. Mrs. John Kemp

The wife of Major the Hon. John Kemp, Royal Artillery, formerly Miss Elinor Dorothea Pease, of Mowden, Darlington, is, like her husband, serving in the Forces and holds the rank of a Chief Commandant in the A.T.S. Major the Hon. John Kemp and his wife live at Torside, Helmshore, Lancashire, and have a son born in 1938. Major Kemp is the son and heir of Lord and Lady Rochdale and a grandson of the third Earl of Ellesmere

The Monkey Club

Members Run a Canteen for Service Men and War Workers

The founder of the Monkey Club, Miss Marian Ellison, saw the need of an educational centre for young girls who wanted more in life than a ceaseless round of pleasure—dances, parties, sports and race meetings. She formed this on the lines of a club where the girls might take secretarial or domestic science courses or study the arts and foreign languages. Now a Red Cross detachment and a canteen for the Services and war workers are also part of the Pont St. establishment



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Canteens for Service men (on right) and for war workers (below) are run by members of the Monkey Club. In the big, airy kitchens in the basement at 24, Pont Street, hot soup, meat and vegetables and a good pudding are provided for the men every day. All war workers in the district are welcomed at the canteen



A dormitory in a basement air-raid shelter has been provided for London members of the Club who are carrying on with their studies, combined with war work. Some of those making use of these quarters are the Hon. Susan North (a Coronation-year debutante, daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and the Hon. Mrs. North, whose engagement is announced to Captain Bernard W. Bolland, R.E., of Billericay), Miss Joan Eldon, Miss Loraine Dowding, and Miss Sheila Hutchinson

In the book-room, with its large and interesting library at the disposal of Monkey Club members, Miss Diana Tollenaar reads her letters. She is serving in the M.T.C., is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. N. Tollenaar and Mrs. Ommeney, and is engaged to Mr. Anthony John Stanhope Duckworth, London Rifle Brigade



In the music-room Mme. Mayer-Lismann, formerly official lecturer at Salzburg, now musical head of the Monkey Club, goes over a piano-score with one of her pupils, Miss Angela Bell. The educational side of the Club carries on, giving girls the opportunity of continuing the study of their favourite subjects, or learning practical ones such as domestic science, dressmaking, etc.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Bradman Innings

AND this said despite the fact that the Little Man's two most recent contributions have been a brace of blobs. Young Don's playmates have made Capys look a bit silly.

Of Happy Augury

HIS MAJESTY's entries for the classic races of 1942 ought to make even the garrulous mouthpieces of the enemy a bit thoughtful. Herr Hitler has told President Roosevelt that he is making a big mistake by trying to keep a leaky ship like H.M.S. Britannia afloat. Neither the President nor his Majesty has seen any good reason to take any notice of the warning. His Majesty's entries for the Derby of 1942 are King's Scholar, Cheval, Channel Swell and Pictorial. The name of the first of these colts induces the thought that it would be wise on his part if Der Führer abstained from forming a part of the gallery at the next Eton and Harrow match, which is certain to be played in 1942.

The Dangers of Bigamy!

THE death of Mr. Fred Brewer, brother of Mr. Charles Brewer, who bred and owned that famous horse Robert the Devil, recalls a notable incident in Turf history. Robert the Devil, ridden by a jockey named Rossiter, was narrowly beaten in the Derby of 1880 by the late Duke of Westminster's Bend 'Or, ridden by Fred Archer. At that time Blanton, Mr. Brewer's trainer, was part owner of Robert the Devil, and, in consequence of some information which came into his possession, Mr. Brewer felt bound to bring certain alleged facts in connection with the entry of Bend 'Or to

the notice of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The ground for this action was an allegation that Bend 'Or was incorrectly described at the time of entry as being by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose, and that, as a matter of fact, he was by Doncaster out of a mare named Clemence. There were two chestnut colts by Doncaster, each foaled within a week of one another in 1877 out of these two mares, the Rouge Rose colt having a blaze, and the Clemence colt a star, a snip, and a white near heel behind. Mr. Brewer acted on the evidence of Robert Arnold, the Eaton stud-groom, and William Sexton, also employed at the Eaton Stud, and both of whom were present at the foalings of the two colts.

Bemusing Testimony

ARNOLD said that he believed that Bend 'Or was the colt out of Clemence, and he stated definitely in his deposition, used by counsel at the enquiry, that the one that won the Derby was not the Rouge Rose colt. Sexton was quite as emphatic; but the testimony of both these witnesses, if not exactly tainted, was at any rate discounted by the fact that they were not on the best of terms with their employer when they left Eaton, and at any rate the Stewards of the Jockey Club, whilst holding that Mr. Charles Brewer had no option but to bring the matter to their notice, equally held that the evidence of wrong entry was not sufficiently strong to warrant the disqualification of Bend 'Or. Neither Mr. Brewer nor his trainer Blanton had seen the Eaton stud-book. The Jockey Club Stewards held that the book was not as carefully kept as it should have been, but



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mulcahy Poole

A Master of Foxhounds at the Ward Union Staghounds Ball was Mr. Richard J. Mulcahy, dancing with his wife. He has taken over the West Waterford Foxhounds, hunted last season by a joint-Mastership of two ladies, Mrs. Grey, formerly Miss Anne Hickman, and Miss Anne Gregory

that the testimony of these two witnesses was not decisive. It was in this 1880 Derby, which I happen to have seen, being then a stripling of tender age, that Archer is supposed to have come round Tattenham Corner with his left leg over the rails. He had his left leg up his horse's neck—a very different thing. Even a desperado like "The Tinman" would not have been so foolish as to put his leg on the wrong side of the rails. Putting a leg up a horse's neck was not as dangerous, even though difficult; you run no risk of being decapitated if your horse should happen to swerve or you were bumped. I have just seen the brief delivered to counsel in



Mr. Malcolmson and Mrs. Harold Quinlan

Mrs. Quinlan, wife of Dr. Harold Quinlan, a prominent Irish polo-player, sat out at the Ward Union Hunt Ball with Mr. George Malcolmson, also a polo-player. He won the Irish Grand National in 1937, and at the last Red Cross Meeting at Leopardstown had two winners, riding one himself



Mr. Andrew Comyn and Miss Joan Tyrrell

A racing personality at the Ward Union Hunt Ball, held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, was Mr. Andrew A. Comyn, LL.B. He is a Steward of the National Hunt Steeplechase Committee in Ireland. He owns racehorses, and hunts with the Galway Blazers. He is sitting out with Miss Joan Tyrrell



Stuart

Officers of the Wiltshire Regiment

Lieut.-Col. H. J. Segrave, O.C., was in the R.A.F. in the last war, and is particularly keen on co-operation between the Army and the Air Force. He is a brother of the famous racing motorist who was killed while breaking a record

Back row: the Rev. A. E. Beaumont, C.F.; Sec.-Lieut. G. Neville, Lieut. P. Mack, M.M., Lieut. E. E. Lewis, A.D.C., Sec.-Lieut. W. M. O. Moore, Lieut. A. Clarke, Lieut. E. B. Rotherham, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieut. C. G. Brain, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. E. Ross, Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Pafford, Sec.-Lieut. B. M. Gates, Sec.-Lieut. J. J. Marchant, Sec.-Lieut. R. R. Canaway, Captain J. J. Chichester, Sec.-Lieut. I. J. W. Benson

Centre row: Sec.-Lieut. A. E. G. Brain, Captain G. Morrison, A.D.C., Captain and Quartermaster T. E. Brewer, M.B.E., Sec.-Lieut. D. B. R. Burney, Sec.-Lieut. R. C. Wilkins, Sec.-Lieut. E. G. Court, Sec.-Lieut. J. P. Mayhew, Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Kidner, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. Walker, Sec.-Lieut. S. F. Browne, Sec.-Lieut. R. N. Topham, Captain H. N. Hoare, Sec.-Lieut. R. E. Rogers, Sec.-Lieut. R. C. Elliott

Front row: Coy. Asst. E. Waite, A.T.S., Captain J. F. H. van Haeften, Captain H. F. N. Powell, Major J. M. Martin, M.C., Major C. A. Prest, Major H. W. C. Lloyd, D.S.O., M.C., Lieut.-Col. H. J. Segrave, O.C., Lieut.-Col. G. A. K. H. Reed, R.A.M.C., Captain C. F. G. Bond, Adj't., Major R. M. P. Beaven, Major C. H. R. Barnes, O.B.E., Captain S. P. Bartlett, Coy. Commander N. C. C. Carter, A.T.S.; Huang, Colonel Segrave's chow, in centre

this 1880 enquiry, and most interesting reading it was.

"Green Peas at Christmas"

I DID not find the North Warwickshire a very satisfactory country to hunt—no countrymen hunted on my side, and the subscriptions came from Birmingham and Coventry and Leamington. The former were really a good sporting set of fellows, wild in the field, perhaps, but always amenable to reproof, and I could do anything with them. The 'Spa' men were the only trouble, with two or three horses—generally in mischief at a check, though pretty safe when hounds really ran. I had the same experience with them in the Atherton country, and we hated the sight of them with the Pytchley when on the Westerton side of the country."

This is an extract from that charming book written by Squire "Gumley" Wilson, and not by his nephew, the late Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, as has been erroneously stated in an obituary notice. Fleetwood Wilson only edited it, and was so kind as to send me the presentation copy from which I have made this extract, which I am sure will interest both Warwickshire and the "Orangemen." They used to call the Atherton desperadoes this, because at one time their coats were more orange than pink. At that period, when they went on a foray into the Quorn domain, it was said that they earned unpopularity because they said that they would show the Quornites how really to ride over Leicestershire. A remark like that is a bit apt to make people hump their backs.

Origin of a Quaint Title

"GREEN PEAS AT CHRISTMAS" is rather a quaint title, and how it came to be selected was this. I quote from Guy Fleetwood Wilson's preface: "On one

occasion I asked him to what he attributed his bankruptcy. His answer was characteristic: 'To my always wanting green peas at Christmas,' which he explained meant to be always 'wanting' and giving himself all he wanted, no matter what it cost."

"Gumley" Wilson, so called after the house he took in Harborough, was Master of the North Warwickshire from 1843 to 1845,

and of the Atherton from 1849 to 1850, but he was a Pytchley man born and bred, and originally a 3rd Dragoon Guard (1823), a regiment whose Service nickname used to be "The Old Canaries." Fleetwood Wilson was a most pleasant person to meet, even after he became one of the coterie which Kipling rather rudely called "The Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels."



A Royal Fusilier Rugby Team

The nth Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers have a Battalion Rugby Team somewhere in England, which has played regularly and with some success throughout the season

Standing: Lieut. K. C. Baker, Sec.-Lieut. D. Todd, Sec. Lieut. B. C. D. Rockford, Sec.-Lieut. J. V. Gerber, Sec.-Lieut. D. E. Bannerman, Fus. B. Crawshaw, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. Carty, Captain K. C. Hind (referee)

Sitting: Fus. G. Humphries, Captain W. M. N. Chard, Captain L. H. G. Handley, Lieut.-Col. M. S. Ekins, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. Wilkie (captain), Sec.-Lieut. A. R. J. Skillern, Major H. B. Deeks

In front: Sec.-Lieut. J. A. R. van Gelder, Sec.-Lieut. S. C. Warner

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Silent Huns

SIENT aeroplanes, like steam-driven aeroplanes, come into the news with the regularity of murders and the modern girl. In peacetime they brought hope to those who live on the outskirts of aerodromes; in wartime they are supposed to bring fear and trembling to one of the combatants—in the most recent instance, ourselves. For Berlin, famed fountain-head of blousy blondes with straggling hanks of hair, is the source of the latest rumour.

But really, when they get on to technical subjects, the German propagandists should be more careful. They started well enough, saying that Germany had built a huge fleet of silent aeroplanes with which she proposed to invade this country. But they then went and spoilt the whole thing by adding that the engines of these aeroplanes could also be put into boats, so that these would also be silent and would help in providing a totalitarian *tacet* for our final downfall.

Now that it is so difficult to get to the play or the cinema, we look to the German propagandists to make our flesh creep occasionally. But in this country even those most ignorant of aviation know that the airscrew in an aeroplane makes at least half the noise. One assumed, when they spoke of silent aeroplanes, that they had solved the problem of both engine and airscrew noise. But that additional remark about speedboats showed that they had not even taken the trouble that the writer of a penny dreadful takes to get their facts right.

Noise and Power

THE German is naturally a noisy person, and that may be why he seems to be so ignorant about silencing. Anyhow, it is only necessary to listen to an airscrew being run by a silent electric motor at one of the research stations to realise what a terrific din it makes when it is really developing the thrust. Airscrew noise is more difficult to get rid of than engine noise.

But actually both can be got rid of, and we in this country have long known how to do it. The only trouble is that when the noise goes, so does the power and the performance. To make a high-performance aeroplane and

to make it silent is like putting snow in the oven. The two just will not go together.

Miracles do occasionally happen in engineering, but not often. I doubt if the German engineers have performed a miracle, and it would certainly take something better informed than the Berlin statement to remove my doubts. The Germans must make an effort to improve their propaganda by giving it greater verisimilitude. Their propaganda has been held up as the model of what such things should be, and Haw-Haw did succeed, for the first time in history, in making sarcasm popular in England.

But even he has been losing his grip lately. Sarcasm must cut and tear the flesh or it becomes supremely boring. Bad technical errors completely prevent it from cutting and tearing. Herr Hitler will soon have to order another blood-bath night for his propagandists.

News for the U.S.

A GOOD deal of fuss was made a few weeks ago about an article in the American paper *Popular Aviation*, which purported to give details of a large number of secret British aircraft and aero-engines. Some went so far as to say that Mr. Leonard Engel, the author of the article, was to blame for writing it.

I cannot agree. His duty was to get the news for his paper. In writing what he believed to be the story of our new machines he was doing his duty and doing it well. If there was a fault, it lay with the Air Ministry for letting him get the information in the first place.

The Air Ministry has a difficult task in this; for it is naturally averse from hampering the activities of journalists from friendly countries. But I can never see why it should not treat all aeronautical journalists of whose work it has knowledge on the same footing. At present there can be no doubt that a journalist from America will be given greater facilities, both by the Air Ministry and by the manufacturers, than a journalist who has lived and worked here all his life.

It seems to me to be time that somebody should be installed at the Air Ministry who really knows both aviation and the Press. At frequent intervals I get evidence that the papers are not properly read at the Air Ministry. Things are censored in one paper and allowed to pass in another. And when the point is taken up, it does not seem to be realised that the facts have already appeared. The only trouble in sharply criticising the Ministry about this is that the people there are obviously so anxious to help. It is a fault of lack of experience and specialised knowledge and is not the result of any desire to obstruct.

Sir Hugh Dowding

THREE was a tendency, at the time of the fire raid on the City of London, to play up the work of the night-fighters more than was warranted. Actually, on that night they did not achieve any success in bringing down raiders, and it is only by machines brought down that any measure of success can be proved.

But the night-fighters will eventually be able to do something, I feel sure, and the remarks of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh

Dowding to a reporter in Canada go to confirm that view. He knows more about the problems of fighting in the air, both by day and by night, than anybody else living, for he is the man who planned our great air victory of mid-August and mid-September.

So when he says that he believes the night-fighters will soon be taking a toll of the night-bombers, I believe it to be true. He does not lead us to expect immediate results, but he does assure that results will be obtained in the not-distant future.

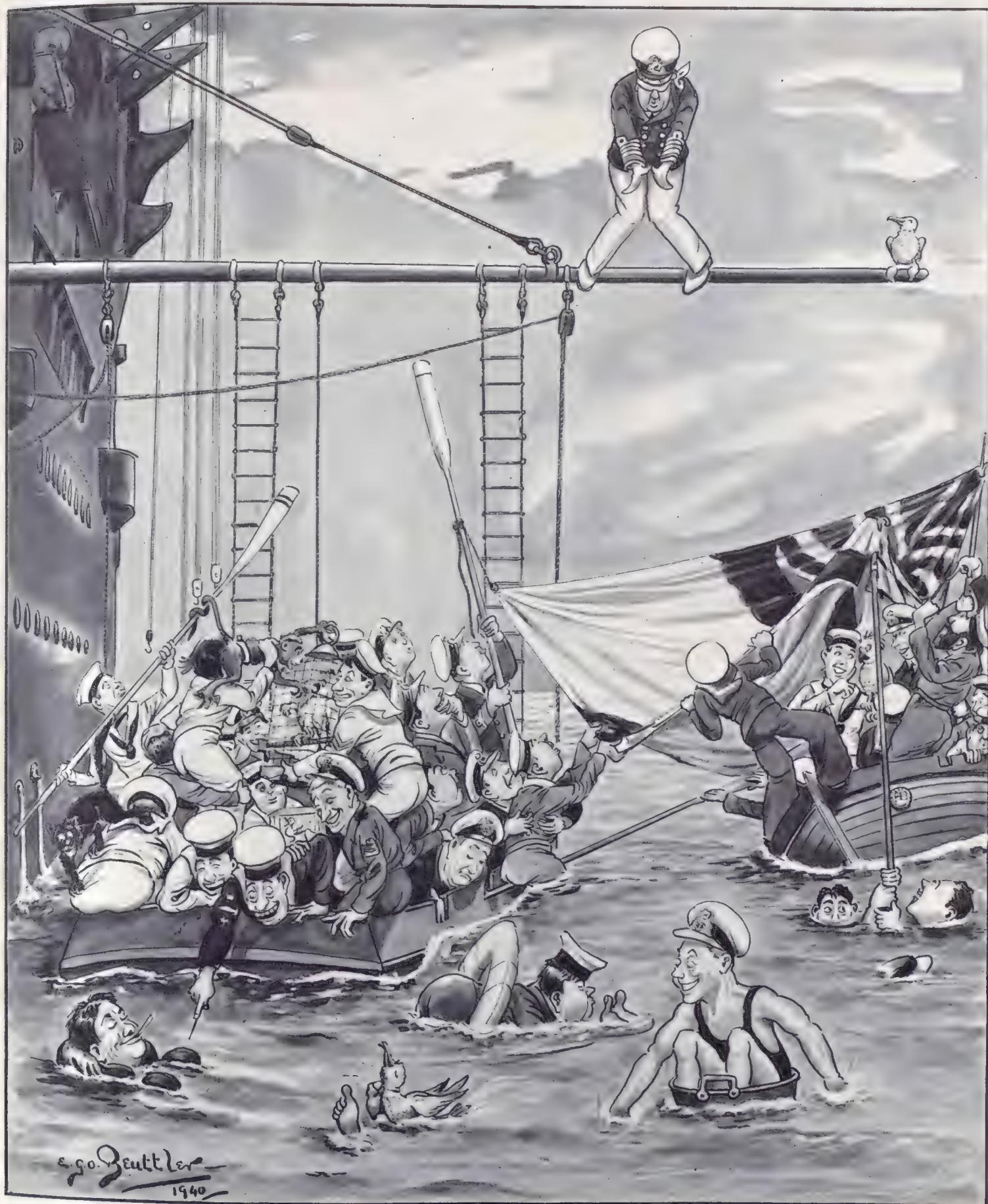
Both sides are working on this problem and it is important that we should find the solution, and put it into effect, first. If we can stop the night-bombers here, whilst still being able to send them over there, we shall have gained an appreciable advantage over the enemy.



"So This Is Iceland"

Iceland was occupied months ago by British troops to safeguard it from the same fate as Denmark. Our picture shows some of the personnel of the R.A.F. keeping vigil against the enemy on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. The names have come under the Censor's blue pencil, and may not be given

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 21



Exercising "Abandon Ship": By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The ship's company of an aircraft-carrier, when at anchor in calm weather, occasionally have to practise "Abandon Ship" to see how quickly they can get the rafts and boats away. The captain or "Owner," by the law of the sea, is the last to leave; actually while rehearsing he remains on board seeing to things—in other words, how his commander does it. A certain amount of livestock can be seen in the picture: more than one parrot, a cat and a monkey. No seaman would, of course, leave his pet to its fate. The bluejacket leaning over the stern of the cutter is about to prick the "Mae West" jacket on which an airman is leisurely reclining, tickling the neck of his pet bird with his toes the while. The "Mae West" life-jacket is now officially so-called, thereby giving naval recognition to the contours of the famous film-star

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Stephens — Webbe

Thomas Anthony Stuart Stephens, younger son of P. S. Stephens, of Coprice Lea, Mersham, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Stephens, and Rosemary Webbe, only daughter of Sir Harold Webbe, M.P., and Lady Webbe, of Ash Pollard, Mersham, were married in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey



Hanbury-Bateman — Radcliffe

Captain Aubrey Roland Hanbury-Bateman, son of Aubrey Bateman, of 16, Royal Crescent, Bath, and the late Mrs. Bateman, and Cynthia Alice Radcliffe, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. William Radcliffe, of Esseborne Manor, Hurstbourne Tarrant, Hants., were married at St. Peter's, Hurstbourne Tarrant



Hancock — Ovens

Captain Michael Stephen Hancock, Royal Signals, only son of the late Rev. W. H. M. and Mrs. Hancock, and Constance Geraldine Margaret Ovens, youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. M. Ovens, of Aughnagally House, Co. Donegal, and Mitchells Heath Aldershot, were married at St. Peter's, Frimley



Palmer — Gurdon

Captain Caryl Howard Palmer, R.A., son of the late Herbert Palmer, and Mrs. Palmer, of Ashampstead, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Ruth Gurdon, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. B. E. M. Gurdon, of Heatherfield, Crowborough, Sussex, were married at St. John's, Crowborough



Rome — Forestier-Walker

Pilot Officer Alastair Rome, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Brig.-Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Rome, of Duke's Hill Place, Bagshot, Surrey, and Mrs. Nancy Forestier-Walker were married at Cheltenham and had a reception at the May Fair in London. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Mitchell-Cotts, Bt., M.P., and Agnes Lady Mitchell-Cotts, of Cambray Court, Cheltenham



Weber — Williams

Major Richard Leslie David Weber, R.D., younger son of the late Colonel W. H. F. Weber and Mrs. Weber, of Birkin, near Dorchester, was married at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Little Bredy, Dorset, to Jane Elizabeth Rhoda Williams, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. C. Williams, and granddaughter of Sir Robert Williams of Bridehead, Devonshire.



Andrews — Rogers

Lieut. Ernest Brian Andrews, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Andrews, of Swansea, and Joan Rogers, second daughter of Major and Mrs. E. T. P. Rogers, of Pontfaen, Knighton, Radnorshire, were married at Stowe Church, Knighton



Emerson — White

Captain John Emerson, R.A.S.C., and Rosemary Steeds White were married at Zeals, Wilts. He comes from Yelverton, Devon, and she is the youngest daughter of the late W. J. S. White, and Mrs. White, of Zeals, Wilts.



Martin — Owen

Lieut. Maurice Hinton Martin, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Martin, of Aston-sub-Edge, Glos., was married recently to Josephine Gladness-Owen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Owen, of Green Acres, Lapworth, Warwickshire



Farquharson — Moat

Captain Edward Farquharson, R.A.M.C., son of the late John Farquharson, and Mrs. Farquharson, of Forbesfield Road, Aberdeen, and Alison Moat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Moat, of 45, Eaton Place, S.W.1, and Tinbers, Rustington, Sussex, were married at Rustington Parish Church



Barry — Craig

Dr. Claude Thomas Barry and Dr. Monica de Saussmarez Craig were married at Brompton Oratory. His parents are Professor and Mrs. D. T. Barry, of Cork. She is the daughter of the late Sir Maurice Craig, and Lady Craig, of Salona, East Preston, Sussex, and Les Mains Donnaux, Guernsey



Loates — Isaacs

Sec.-Lieut. Frederick T. Loates, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Loates, of East Molesey, Surrey, and Joyce Isaacs, only daughter of George Isaacs, M.P. for North Southwark, were married at St. Paul's, East Molesey



Blundell — Butcher

Denis Arthur Blundell, Queen's Westminsters, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blundell, of 37, Northwick Avenue, Harrow, and Christine Marion Butcher, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Butcher, of 115, Draycott Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex, were married at St. Mary's, Harrow



Gough — Knowles

Lieut. C. Hugh Clare Gough, R.N., and Maureen Ramsden Knowles were married at Brompton Oratory. His parents are the Rev. Canon E. P. and Mrs. Gough, of Tewkesbury Abbey, Glos. She is the only daughter of the late J. T. Ramsden Knowles, and Mrs. Ramsden Knowles, of Manila, Philippines; is a member of the A.T.S.



Harrison — Crawford

Lieut.-Colonel Sydney Brewster Harrison, D.S.O., Lincolnshire Regiment, and Jean Beatrice Crawford, daughter of the late J. C. Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford, of Wayside, St. Andrews, Fife, were married at Hawick, Roxburghshire. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harrison, of Grantham

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THIS amusing incident comes from "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph*. A friend of his was walking in the black-out through a heavy barrage the other night when something whizzed down and struck the road behind him.

He stopped and, seeing a cylindrical object on the asphalt, ran. No explosion followed, so he returned cautiously, and this time any doubts he may have had were set at rest.

From the cylindrical object came a hissing sound, and in the light of the gun flashes he could make out a thin column of vapour rising in the air.

The man arrived at his home nearby out of breath, and had an anxious night waiting for the burst. But no explosion followed. In the early dawn, going out to investigate again, he found that the "bomb" was his own vacuum flask.

This had slipped out of his overcoat pocket as he ducked to avoid a piece of A.A. shell. The hissing sound was caused by the escaping steam from the coffee, the cork having worked loose!

GOERING wanted some more night-bombers very urgently. So he went along to a factory.

"I want fifty 'planes," he ordered. "They must be ready three nights from now."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the works manager.

"I command!" roared Goering. "The crews will be here at the time stated."

The time came, and so did the crews. German efficiency had triumphed: there were the 'planes. Without loss of time they set out for their target—England.

Over London the leading pilot pulled the bomb-release lever—and out dropped three of the factory's night shift.

THE following is an authentic story. The vicar met one of his elderly parishioners in a street which had been bombed.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," he inquired, "how do you fare in these air raids? Do you go to a shelter at night?"

"No," was the reply. "I just goes up to bed and I undresses and I gets into bed and I lies down. And then I either says to myself, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' or I says, 'To 'ell with 'Itler!,' and then I goes to sleep."

It was late afternoon. The lady of the house approached her cook.

"I know it's the third time this week, cook," she said, "but the master has just 'phoned from the golf club that he's bringing three friends to dinner. How long will you need to get ready?"

"I'm ready now," replied cook. "I packed my trunk the last time it happened."

I WANT to buy my girl a present. What do you think she'll like?" "Does she like you?" "Oh, yes, I'm sure she likes me." "Then she'll like anything."

SAID a subaltern outside Koritz, "I don't think your uniform fits." The colonel got wild, But the regiment smiled, As he added, "It's split where you sitza."



Pantomime Dame

Iris Sadler, Widow Twankey in "Aladdin," at the Coliseum, is the only female dame in pantomime this year. Douglas Byng is the Widow at Golders Green



Pantomime Principal Boy

Gabrielle Brune makes a charming and shapely Aladdin in Prince Little's pantomime at the Golders Green Hippodrome. At the same time she is able to continue her cabaret work, the pantomime performances being in the afternoon. Gabrielle Brune is one of the artists who has entertained at the Officers' Club in Sussex run by Mrs. John Dewar

"**N**EWS FROM THE OUTPOST," published by Americans in Britain for Americans at home, gives the following extract from a letter written by an "evacuated" London schoolteacher:

"My children . . . are wild little creatures eighty per cent. of whom have been through the battle of London up to date. But they have the Cockney air of defiance. Yesterday we came across the line, 'Oh, to be in England!' I waited for someone to go on, but no sign. Then I said, 'That is the first line of a famous poem. Do you know who wrote it?' 'Hitler!' someone shouted. There was a wild yell of joy from the whole room."

FATHER was telling his young son how in the Great War, his bosom pal was carrying a bomb in his tunic when the pic came out. He yelled to the men about him to run for their lives, and as they ran, he doubled up to protect them, and—

"That's not what I would have done," young John butted in.

"Isn't it?" said his indignant father. "And exactly what would you have done?"

"I would have smiled," replied the young imp, "and said, 'Gather round me, boys—I've got a little surprise for you!'"

"**Y**OU know, I'm very absent-minded," said a hitherto silent man in the club room. "I often find names and telephone numbers written in my notebook, but can't remember what persons they represent. Recently, I had a general checking-up. The name and address of one man completely baffled me, so wrote to him asking if he had ever heard of me, and if I was supposed to do something for him."

"He wrote back a cordial letter, saying I had already done it. Wife's first husband."

THIS one from America:

It happened in a small town. Said town boasted of fire apparatus that consisted of one fire-hose and one hook-and-ladder truck.

On Saturday afternoon the lone fire-engine was seen crawling down Main Street at a snail's pace. On both sides of the truck was posted a huge sign announcing to one and all that the Monster Bingo Party was to be held at the Village Lyceum that evening—admission one quarter.

As the engine reached Main and Shor Streets, an excited citizen raced up and signalled the driver to stop.

"Hello!" smiled the fire-fighter atop the truck.

"My house and garage!" gasped the shaky citizen. "They're on fire!"

The fireman at the wheel leaned over and pointed to the sign.

"Are you coming to the Bingo Party to-night?" he inquired socially.

The frantic citizen began to tug at his hair.

"My house and garage!" screamed. "They're burning to the ground!"

The fireman nodded. "Maybe they are," he coaxed. "But I bet you have more fun at the Bingo Party!"

"**T**HERE'S a man outside," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum, "who wants to know whether we have missed any of our patients lately."

"Why does he want to know that?" asked the doctor.

"Well, he says somebody has run off with his wife."



Officers of an R.A.F. Fighter Station : By "Mel"

F/Lt. Alan Christopher Deere is a New Zealander, awarded a D.F.C. and bar for skill and gallantry in leading his flight and on many occasions his squadron, and at the time of his award had already accounted for 11 enemy aircraft. Sq/Ldr. H. L. Maxwell's D.S.O. was gained last November

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

The Tallest Skyscrapers

By John Collier

Illustrated by Tunnicliffe

IN the end they built the tallest skyscraper of all, whose tapering tower seemed to dissolve into the brightness of the sky. John Hopkins, a young artist returned from Mexico City, was accustomed to a rarefied atmosphere, and demanded to be shown the apartment at the very top.

This was a studio apartment of four rooms, set about a spacious foyer. On a clear day one could see the whole of New York and the surrounding countryside, like a bunch of corals among the green mosses of a deep submarine garden. When it was overcast, one saw only the white sierras of the clouds, the tops of aeroplanes and the backs of birds.

"Is there no way," asked John Hopkins, "of getting on the roof. I should think it must be very pleasant up there."

"Very pleasant indeed," replied the superintendent, "but the apartment does not carry roof privileges."

John was a little disappointed at this. Nevertheless he signed the lease and speedily took possession of his new home. He furnished it with almost nautical simplicity, in order to enhance the clean and bracing effect of living so high, among the huge and shining skyscrapers that filled his windows.

His friends came eagerly to see him, in order to enjoy the prestige of having visited the highest apartment in existence. Doubtless they would have come a second time, but they were discouraged by the popping of their ears, owing to the abrupt change of altitude. Others complained of feeling dizzy. John found that his own ears suffered when he attended their cocktail parties, and frequently he was dizzy when he came away. So he gradually dropped their acquaintance, and lived solitary at the top of his tower.

He was by nature an unworldly and romantic young man, but like many romantics, he was excessively shy of the girls. He was therefore well content to be alone: the room service was excellent, and he seldom went down to the street.

The thin air was encouraging to the day dreams in which he passed much of his time, and he suffered no ill-effects at all from the great height, except perhaps for a slight singing in his ears.

This singing was by no means objectionable. In fact, it was rather pleasant. Sometimes, when he was exalted at some high spot in the course of painting a picture, or when he was lost in some romantic flight of fancy, he would suddenly become aware that the singing had developed into a sort of music: odd music, and very elusive, like nothing he had ever heard before. It died back into the usual pleasant high monotone as soon as he focused his attention full upon it. "How very strange!" thought he. "Surely I cannot be one of those human receiving sets one reads of in the newspapers. They always have false teeth, or trusses or something. Besides, it's not the sort of tune one hears on the radio. I wish I could recapture it more clearly."

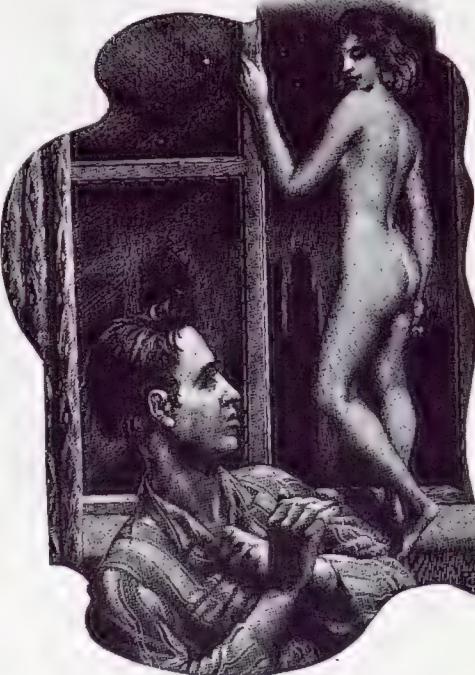
He hummed a bit, but still the tune eluded him. "How very tantalising!" said he. "I'd give anything to remember that tune."

One night he was lying on his bed, floating in the light and gauzy sleep of high altitudes,

and dreaming a dream so vague and so delightful that he made an effort to realise it more distinctly, and in doing so he wakened. He lay there, feeling like a disembodied spirit, and then he heard the music infinitely louder and clearer than before.

"It comes from the roof," said he. "There must be a garden or a night-club up there. But what an exquisite band! Why did they not tell me of this?"

Next day he saw the superintendent. "What club is that on the roof?" said he. "Why



He turned again and saw her standing on the window sill

did you not tell me about it? Is it so very exclusive? I think I should like to join."

"Mr. Hopkins," said the superintendent. "There is no night-club on the roof."

"My dear fellow," said John. "I heard the music distinctly at about three o'clock this morning. Exquisite music: I've never heard anything like it. But why should it be kept a secret?"

"Perhaps you were dreaming," said the superintendent. "There is certainly no night-club on the roof."

"Dreaming be damned," said John. "I was awake, and I heard it."

"Perhaps," said the superintendent, "the apartment is a little too high for you, Mr. Hopkins. Would you like me to show you a very nice studio suite on the eightieth floor?"

John withdrew in a rage. He looked out of all his windows: there was no possible way of clambering up to get a view of the roof. There was a top light of heavily clouded glass in his foyer. He spent a long time pushing at the sides of it, but got nothing but a crick in his neck and flakes of plaster in his eyes. He could not budge it an inch.

He was baffled. There was nothing to do but to try and forget the music, and this proved

impossible. He actually began to suffer from insomnia.

He was lying half awake one night, when he was startled by a noise that came from the top light in the foyer. His bedroom door was wide open: he saw this top light lifted up. A flash of the softest summer lighting came through. The music pealed out sweet and clear. Something, or somebody dropped lightly through the opening, and then the top light clanged into place again, and there was nothing but the blue and star-lit darkness, and a white shape standing in the foyer.

John immediately switched on a light. It was a girl who stood there. "Gosh!" thought John, "I have been right to be shy of girls till now. I only hope it doesn't handicap me with this one. But what has she been up to?"

The girl advanced to the doorway. "Do you mind," said she, "if I pass through your bedroom?"

"I don't mind your coming in," said John, speaking the plain truth, "but I should strongly object to your going out."

At once he was horribly embarrassed: it sounded so much like a cheap gallantry. Besides, he was in his pyjamas. He began to blush, stutter and stammer. "I did not mean that," he said. "At least, I mean to say I really did mean it."

"I understand," said the girl. "But I must hurry."

"You cannot go like that," said he. "It's all right with me: I am a painter. You need not feel embarrassed. I can look at you without emotion. At least, I ought to be able to. But how did you get like that, anyway? You were not doing a strip tease? I know damned well you weren't. They have mistreated you, and now they have thrown you out. Hold a chair while I get at that skylight. I will go up and pull off an ear or two. These night-clubs go a little too far."

"It is not like that," said she, restraining him. "I can't explain. I am in a great hurry."

"Take my dressing-gown," said he. "And forgive my pyjamas. Let us imagine we are in the tropics. Do stay a little. I'll make you some coffee."

"I must go," said she, crossing to the window.

"That is not the way," said he. "I'll show you the elevator. But listen; nothing can be as important as this. You see . . . I've never seen any one like you. I have fallen in love with you. It is not what you think—it's love: it was when you smiled at me. If you go, you will break my heart."

Saying this, he ventured to take her hand. She looked at him with her clear eyes for a very long time, inquiringly at first, then in a different way.

"You must think I am crazy," said he, hanging his tousled head like a boy of ten. "However, I am not."

"No," said she, looking equally confused. "You're not."

John now looked at her. A tremendous wave of joy surged up in him, just as the peal of music had surged up when the top light was opened. He took her in his arms to kiss her.

Even then she hesitated a moment. "I shall be too late," she said.

"Too late for what?" cried he. "Nothing in the world can be as important as this."

"You are sure of that?" she said. "You are absolutely certain?"

He nodded, and they kissed. They kissed for a long time.

"Now," said she at last. "I must go."

"But where shall I find you?" said he. "I'll show you," said she.

Turning to the window again she pointed far below. "Do you see that tallish building at the end of a row of lower ones?" said she. "That's (Concluded on page 10)

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The Tallest Skyscraper

(Continued from page 104)

Seventy-Eighth Street. Do you see there's one window lit on the twelfth floor? There."

"I see," said he, turning to take her to the elevator. "What number is it? What name shall I ask for?"

She made no reply, and he turned again and saw her standing on the window sill. The dressing-gown was on the floor. "Good-bye," she said. "Come soon," and took a perfect swan dive, far out, and down, down, down. He saw her plunge through the clear blue night till she was no larger than a white pigeon, a butterfly, a flake of snow. Then he lost sight of her.

"It was not suicide," said he. "That dive took her where she said she'd go. It's certainly extraordinary. Not so extraordinary, though, as the fact she loves me."

All this time he was dressing as fast as is possible to a young man who has been wakened up at three in the morning, fallen in love, been kissed, and seen his girl dive from the top of the tallest of skyscrapers. He put his pants on back to front, and became maddeningly entangled with his shirt.

At last, however, he was more or less properly dressed. He dashed for the elevator, shot out into the street, and quickly hailed a taxi. They soon reached Seventy-Eighth Street, and located the building she had shown him. It was the Van Cortfield Hospital, and a single light turned on the twelfth floor.

He speedily gained admission, and was soon hurrying down a long corridor, looking at the transoms above the doors for signs of a light within. In a bay near the end, a doctor in a white

coat was speaking to three or four men, who appeared to be reporters. They were shutting their note books.

John edged up to this group. "So I'm afraid there is no story," the doctor was saying. "At least, only a sad one. We massaged the heart, but there was only a slight reaction, and very long delayed. There is always so much shock in an automobile accident."

"You wouldn't say she lived again?" said one of the reporters.

"No," said the doctor. "Definitely not. I'm afraid there's no miracle this time, gentlemen. I'm sorry."

At this moment the door behind the doctor was opened. A nurse came out. Within, John caught a glimpse of an operating table, on which was something covered by a sheet. Her hair flowed out from beneath it.

He turned away, walking very slowly, trying to understand, trying not to feel. He went down the stairway instead of using the elevator: he did not want the elevator man to see him.

When he was nearly at the bottom he felt a hand slipped into his. He looked, and she was beside him. "Come on," she said.

John didn't say a word. They walked on through the night streets till they were in the neighbourhood of the tallest skyscraper. They were crossing the road in front of it before she spoke again. "You are absolutely sure?" she asked.

"Quite sure," said John, understanding her perfectly.

He took her hand to hurry her from the path of a truck that was thundering down upon them. Instead of responding, she stopped.

"Come on," said John.

"I knew you were," said she, and put her arms round his neck and kissed him. It was too late for the truck to swerve.

"I still want to get things perfectly clear,"

said John, some time later. "They sent you the first time, and I made you too late, and you brought me back here with you."

"It's perfectly simple," said she.

"Yes, but I like to understand," said he.

They were in a sort of dell, in a landscape, half wilderness, half garden. John, looking about him, came on a bronze plate, with a huge fish on it, half hidden among the graves. "I'll peep under this," said he. "I suppose one can peep."

With that, he tugged at the ring. The bronze lifted a little, and beneath it he saw a bright, solidly made, and with the thick glass heavily clouded.

"Now I see," said he. "I thought I recognized the music. And here we are—you and I—like this."

"I imagine we are in the tropics," said she, with a delicious giggle.

"I never believed in Heaven," said he. "Perhaps because I could never imagine a God here. Perhaps because I could never imagine you."

END

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry in the "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" Monthly Spoon Competition. Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the score of the course. Cards to be addressed to Mr. G. E. Smith, Hon. Secretary, THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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There are certain accessories over which a shadow is never cast, and among them is the blouse and its companion, the tailored shirt. They made their debut in England when Garibaldi visited this country. Nowhere is a more representative collection to be seen than in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. For evening wear is the model above; it is carried out in black and gold lame, buttons down the front and is swathed over the hips



A variation on the blouse theme, also from Debenham and Freebody, is seen above. Black velvet has been used for this model, and it is available with gold or silver sequin embroidery



Simple lines and exquisite stitchery are important features of the georgette blouse above. The colour is a delicate shade of shell, relieved with lace dyed to match. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are many variations on this theme, tiny tucks and embroidery being used for decorative purposes. Neither must the tailored shirt with long sleeves be overlooked, as many of them are pleasantly priced at twenty-nine shillings and sixpence



It is Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus, who are responsible for this knitted wool pullover, which has long sleeves, a decidedly flattering hood and buttons smartly down the front. It is reinforced with very practical pockets



Here is a suede waistcoat, from Lillywhites, that may be slipped on in the fraction of a second, an immense advantage in these strenuous days. It is worn with a long-sleeved jumper, of which this firm has an infinite variety

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